

# THE DIAL

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## A PAGE OF ANCIENT HISTORY.

On Washington's Birthday, 1887, James Russell Lowell came to Chicago, upon the invitation of the Union League Club, to deliver an address at the exercises held by the Club in celebration of that anniversary. The outcome of the affair was so unexpected, and its consequences so humiliating, both to Mr. Lowell's friends and to those who cherish the fair fame of this city, that it seems desirable to put on record certain accounts, hitherto unpublished, of what happened. These accounts place the matter in a light very different from that cast on it either by the newspaper reports or by the gossip current at the time. Mr. Browne, the editor of this journal, felt the thing very deeply, and the following publication properly belongs with the rest of the reminiscent material that we have printed since his lamented death. Unwitting of what was to follow, Mr. Browne wrote an article, in the manner of "A Fable for Critics," which appeared on the editorial page of the morning edition of the Chicago "Daily News" the day of Mr. Lowell's arrival in town.

## A GREETING TO LOWELL.

We welcome to-day a visitor who, though but brief is his stay in our western metropolis, yet should receive such a greeting as to make him reluctant to leave. A sincere, unobtrusive, unforced hospitality will no doubt please him more than too great prodigality of attentions, or keeping too much on the go, or making too great an exertion to show how "unique" the career of our wonderful city, which is still in its infancy (more is the pity). Do n't pile up statistics—the schooners and brigs that enter our port, or the number of pigs and of cattle and other brutes killed in a year; and especially let us keep in the rear those two-legged animals who make their jaw go incessantly braying in praise of Chicago. Spare our guest the details of our startling chronology, and stand as we are, without brag or apology. He will find a community, though hard at work, not engaging en masse in the packing of pork; with even a few, here and there, who've inferred there are some things in life that are better than lard. We shall find him—but who in our midst does not know him? If such creature exists, fetch him out, let us show him. No one but a dense and confirmed ignoramus could deny that he knew of an author so famous. Or even if literature set its bar sinister on him, he would know our distinguished ex-minister—

he who, at the fashionable court of St. James, moved, a gentleman born, with the squires and the dames; and while it was not to his taste to geologize among buried scores, yet he did not apologize for the plain words he'd said when our hearts were all full of wrath and of bitterness toward John Bull. With the whole human race have his sympathies ever ran, yet he's first and foremost of all an American; and while his survey is as wide as creation he keeps in his foreground the great Yankee nation. For his country his genius rose highest and glowed in his "Crisis" and "Washers" and memorial "Ode." These poems flashed out like a fire in the dark, and went straight to our hearts as a ball to its mark. In prose or in verse how he makes words effectual, what a vigor he has—this athlete intellectual! Then how charming his fancy, how brilliant his jest, how flashing his wit, in his quips what a zest! How delicious his humor!—may the moment come slow when we cease to admire dear old Hosea Biglow. As poet and patriot, critic and scholar, his career stands as full and as round as a dollar; and clearly, of all those now living who grace American letters, he holds the first place. *Nulli secundus*, there always will show well among our best names that of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. May each year that passes more lightly assess him, and the prayer of our hearts will be ever "God bless him!"

When Mr. Lowell substituted, for the political discourse that he had expected to deliver, the delightful paper on Shakespearean criticism which may now be read in his "Latest Literary Essays and Addresses," his audience was considerably taken aback, and gave vent to its disappointment in language that must have been the occasion of much regret to those who were guilty of it. The newspapers took the matter up in a sensational way, and for the next few days Mr. Lowell was made the victim of much coarse abuse from press and public. The obvious explanation that he had simply acted like a gentleman was completely lost sight of in the comment that followed. He himself felt the matter keenly, and meeting Mr. Browne soon after the address, said to him: "I hope you will put me right with the public."

Shortly after the address, Mr. Browne held a consultation with two of his friends, the upshot of which was that the two articles which are now printed for the first time were prepared. The first of them, written by Mr. Browne, was intended for use in *THE DIAL*, but circumstances which need not here be explained prevented its appearance. It now follows exactly as then written.

MR. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S recent visit to Chicago was an event scarcely inferior in interest to the visit of Mr. Matthew Arnold three years ago. Its most important incident was of course the address on

Shakespeare, delivered by Mr. Lowell in Music Hall on the afternoon of February 22. This discourse, while perhaps less brilliant and polished than the addresses on Gray and Wordsworth given with such success in England, was yet worthy of Mr. Lowell's high rank as a scholar and critical essayist. Its main thesis was the extra-Shakespearean origin of the play of "Richard III.," but it touched many of the aspects of Shakespeare's genius and abounded in those felicitous phrases and stimulating thoughts which come so readily from Mr. Lowell, especially when dealing with a congenial literary theme. In its delivery he labored under the disadvantage of an almost painfully unsympathetic and unresponsive audience. It was not such an audience as would ordinarily have gathered in Chicago to hear Mr. Lowell on a purely literary topic. His subject had been announced as "American Politics." The audience, which was a large one, had come to attend a patriotic celebration of Washington's birthday. The fact that the lecture was delivered in the afternoon of a patriotic holiday, and other incidents, strongly confirmed this idea. Hence the surprise and disappointment when the announcement was made, by Mr. Lowell himself, of a change of subject. His explanation was, in effect, that when he had first been invited to speak in Chicago he had been offered a choice of two themes, a literary and a political one; that he had chosen the latter, and prepared an address accordingly; but that since reaching Chicago and becoming informed of all the circumstances, he found that he "stood on very delicate ground." He had, he said, always been in the habit, when speaking on public questions, of speaking his mind frankly; and if on this occasion he spoke on a political subject he felt that he must either not speak with entire frankness or risk being discourteous to those whose guest and to some extent whose mouthpiece he was, and thus perhaps "mar a cordiality of welcome which will be among the pleasantest recollections of my life." It is apparent that Mr. Lowell felt himself surprised in a position where, if he went on, he must either be disingenuous or rude; and he preferred to take the responsibility of withdrawing from the position, by changing the subject of his address. His motive in this, and the delicate sense of honor which actuated him, are such as every gentleman must respect. He may have underestimated the disappointment he would cause his audience, and have overestimated the interest his substituted topic would have for them; but it ought not to be difficult to understand and appreciate his feelings and situation in the matter. It is well known that Mr. Lowell was invited to Chicago by the Union League Club, whose guest he was, and by whom the proposed patriotic celebration was managed. What he probably did not know until he reached Chicago is that, while the Club is not a political organization, yet its membership is composed largely—in fact, almost entirely—of pronounced Republicans. Mr. Lowell had prepared his address on politics evidently with-

out knowledge of this fact. The nature of his intended address we can to some extent infer, not only from our previous knowledge of Mr. Lowell, but from some of his utterances while in this city. At the Harvard dinner, two days later than his Music Hall address, and where he felt free to express himself "with entire frankness" on politics, he said: "We are told that we should not stand outside of party. I have stood outside of all parties for twenty-five years. . . . What I wish is that good sensible men, and honest men, should act together on certain points, and stand outside of all parties until they accomplish those points. . . . Party organization is no doubt a very convenient thing, but a great many people feel, and I feel very strongly with them, that when loyalty to party means disloyalty to country, and means what it seems to me is still worse, disloyalty to conscience, it is asking more than any good man or citizen should concede." It cannot be doubted that such sentiments as these would be regarded as highly offensive when delivered before a club most of whose members sincerely believe that loyalty to party is a political virtue; and the fact that the speaker was the guest, and, as he said, "in a certain sense, the mouthpiece," of the club, would certainly not lessen the displeasure. It is not hard to see why Mr. Lowell felt the necessity of a change of subject; although it is certainly to be regretted, for the sake of all concerned, that the change could not have been decided on before the subject of the lecture had been so publicly announced. We do not precisely know on whom the responsibility belongs for the suppression of the intended change of subject until the very moment of the lecture. Mr. Lowell, in his introductory remarks, generously assumed all blame for the awkward situation; and he has since maintained a proper and dignified silence.

The other article, written by one of Mr. Browne's most intimate associates, was intended to be sent to an Eastern journal for publication, but this also failed of the use for which it was prepared. The present word of explanation is given to account for the evident difference of longitude assumed in behalf of those who might read it. Although never published, it was in the hands of Mr. Scudder, Lowell's official biographer, when he wrote of the Chicago episode, and enabled him to give his account the right coloring.

#### THE CONFLICT BETWEEN LITERATURE AND PATRIOTISM IN CHICAGO.

The great pork and grain centre of the country has just undergone a convulsion consequent upon the failure of a patriotic revival projected for the 22nd of February. The Union League Club of Chicago, with the purpose of fitly celebrating Washington's birthday, arranged for public exercises in the Music Hall, and invited Mr. James Russell Lowell to deliver an address. The club also tendered Mr. Lowell a banquet upon the evening of

the same day. "American Politics" was announced to be the subject of Mr. Lowell's address, and at the appointed hour the house was filled to its utmost capacity. The audience that had assembled to hear the distinguished speaker was not a little surprised when he rose and announced that he had changed his subject and would speak, not upon "American Politics," but upon the principles of literary criticism as illustrated by Shakespeare's "Richard III." In explanation of this change of theme, he said, in effect, that in announcing "politics" as the subject of his address he had not fully realized the conditions under which it was to be delivered; that he was accustomed to speak frankly, and that here, speaking in some sort as the representative of the Union League Club, he feared that if he were to speak on the subject of politics he might give offence to his hearers, and that for this reason he had ventured to make the change. Having given this explanation, Mr. Lowell proceeded to read what appears to have been a most delightful essay in the higher criticism, one of those brilliant and scholarly efforts, full of delicate suggestion and cultured allusion, which are familiar to all of his readers.

The true inwardness of the situation in which Mr. Lowell was placed is obvious enough to those who are familiar with the character of the organization under whose auspices he spoke. The Union League Club of Chicago is very similar to the club of that name in New York; it is a stalwart Republican organization, the term "Republican" being understood to indicate that the club is a bulwark for the support of Mr. Blaine and whatever political principles he may choose to represent. The club has succeeded in "freezing out" a few obnoxious mugwumps developed by the crisis of 1884, and is practically unanimous in its political creed. The extent to which it carries its political zeal may be well illustrated by one or two minor episodes of the Lowell affair. Among the distinguished guests invited to the banquet, the mayor of Chicago, who, whatever he may be politically, is socially unexceptionable, was not included; and a numerous faction among the committee on arrangements displayed their rudimentary notions of politeness by seeking to exclude also from the banquet Mr. Lowell's Chicago host, who suffered under the reproach of being a notorious mugwump. With these facts in view, the delicacy of Mr. Lowell's action in changing the subject of his address is sufficiently evident. His own political opinions are too well known to require to be specifically contrasted with those of the club at whose invitation he came to Chicago. What he might have said, had he spoken upon politics, may perhaps be inferred from some remarks which he made at the Harvard Club banquet, two days afterwards. "I stood outside of party for nearly twenty-five years and I was perfectly happy, I assure you. . . . Party organization, no doubt, is a very convenient thing, but a great many people, and I feel very strongly with them, feel that when loyalty to party means disloyalty to country, and means, what seems to me



is still worse, disloyalty to conscience, it is then asking more than any good man or any good citizen ought to concede." Everyone knows the horror in which the Blaine men hold such sentiments as these, and we may well imagine the consternation with which the Union League Club would have listened to their orator had he expounded these damnable heresies.

But owing, perhaps, to a too dim realization of what they had escaped, and, certainly, to an inability to appreciate the delicate instinct that prompted Mr. Lowell in making the change, his hearers were not only dissatisfied, but did not hesitate to express their dissatisfaction. The mute reproach of the large numbers who left their seats and silently stole away during the delivery of the address was followed by audible reproaches at the close, on the part of those who had remained, and to these the newspapers supplied a chorus on the next day. Some of the comments reported are very amusing. "He can't come this sort of a sell on us again," was the elegant remark of one member of the Club, as he sadly left the hall. Another auditor, a clergyman, was heard to say, "This is the first day I wished Bill Shakespeare had never been born." Another expressed his regret at the time wasted, exclaiming: "The idea of a man spending two hours trying to prove that Shakespeare didn't write Henry VIII." Still another was reported as saying that "the speaker was a great man on politics, but who was Richard III?" When one of the committee on arrangements tersely remarked: "It was a pretty hard grind on the Club," he expressed very neatly the prevailing sentiment of the audience.

Not less amusing than these random comments are the various theories put forward to account for Mr. Lowell's change of subject. The obvious explanation which we have already given requires for its acceptance some degree of refinement of feeling, and this seems to be lacking in many of his critics. The simplest of the theories propounded is that Mr. Lowell was "full" upon the occasion of the address. Another almost as simple is that he lacked "sand." A third has it that Mr. Lowell is a presidential candidate and does not wish to injure his chances of success by being too outspoken on political subjects. This finds a number of adherents. A fourth theory is that he was dissuaded from expressing himself on politics by secret emissaries of Mr. Blaine. Still another ingenious theorist suggests that Mr. Lowell's modesty prevented him from speaking upon a subject of which he is notoriously ignorant. "What does he know about politics? He never made a stump speech in his life!" Two other theories of conflicting character find each a certain number of upholders. One of them is, in effect, that Mr. Lowell came to the conclusion that Chicago was not capable of appreciating a profound treatment of politics, and that he chose literature as something more nearly upon the level of his prospective audience. This theory was expressed by the gentleman who is reported to have said: "He

thought anything good enough for Chicago." The opposing theory, which is far more popular, is based upon a finer perception of the relative demands of politics and literature upon the intelligence of an audience. According to this theory, Mr. Lowell had prepared a political address suited to what he supposed to be the limited capacity of a Chicago audience. When he reached that city, however, the evidences of culture and refinement which met him on every hand revealed to him the extent of his misconception, and he hastily substituted something better suited to the exacting standard of his hearers. This theory has the great advantage of having no offensive implications as far as Chicago is concerned, and of leaving Mr. Lowell under the reproach of all Chicagoans for his want of faith in the greatness of their city. The most amusing feature of the whole matter is found in the unanimity with which it is agreed that Mr. Lowell "missed the greatest opportunity of his life" when he abandoned the treatment of patriotism for that of literature. However diverse are the reasons brought forward to account for the fact, there is but the one conclusion that in doing this he made—in the words of the poet whom he has lovingly expounded to so many classes of Harvard students—"il gran rifiuto," "the great refusal" of his life. The newspapers, which refer to him sometimes as Mr. Lowell, and sometimes as "Mr. Russell," are particularly strong upon this point. "He misjudged the importance of his opportunity," says one of them. "Not until he set foot in Chicago did he realize that here in the 'far West' of his youth, was the great heart of the nation, which only wanted the touch of a master hand to awaken to the measure of its responsibilities in American politics." That he missed "the greatest opportunity of his life" is the general verdict, the implication being the very modest one that the audience which it was his privilege to address was better worth speaking to than any with which his public career had previously brought him face to face.

Upon the occasion of the banquet tendered Mr. Lowell the evening of the same day, much care was taken to make him realize that he had failed to meet the expectations entertained of him by the Union League Club. The president of the club, in his introductory remarks, made it evident that he regarded Mr. Lowell's excuse as a flimsy one, and said, amid the cheers of his auditors: "This club is not organized for the purpose of keeping silent. As American citizens, we need have no fear here or at any time of expressing our honest opinions." Thus reassured, Mr. Lowell spoke at considerable length upon the subject of "Practical Politics." But what he said was evidently not quite up to the club standard of "patriotism," and so a genuine "patriot" from the river bottoms of the Sangamon valley, Mr. Jehu Baker, was introduced to succeed him. This distinguished statesman said, according to the newspaper report of his remarks, that "he did not care a continental for English customs, or for those who



aped those customs in this country. We had a literature which was purely American, and did not need to go abroad for our scholars or our books." This was evidently the article of "patriotism" for which the listeners had been waiting, and the applause which followed no longer partook of the perfunctory, but was, we read, genuine and prolonged.

The events of Mr. Lowell's visit to Chicago afford a fresh illustration of the peculiar fatality which seems to follow the eminent men of letters who occasionally find their way to that city. When Mr. Bret Harte was there twelve or fifteen years ago, a reception was arranged for him, and it went off successfully in every respect but one—the distinguished guest himself failed to put in an appearance. Some people accounted for this by the fact that the invitation did not include his host. When Lord Coleridge was entertained at a large dinner-party by a well-known Chicagoan, the harmony of the occasion was marred by an attachment of the dinner itself in satisfaction of a claim against the entertainer. When Mr. Matthew Arnold went to Chicago, he was received with feelings of ill-concealed hostility, and the publication, not long thereafter, of a letter hastily assumed to have been written by him, was gladly seized upon as a warrant for the removal of all concealment, and Chicago said without reserve what it had thought of its guest all the time. Mr. Lowell is the latest victim of the arrogant philistinism which seems to inhere in the very nature of the prosperous but crude community on the shore of Lake Michigan.

#### CASUAL COMMENT.

FICTION AND DIPLOMACY would seem to be not very distantly related to each other if we understand in its double sense the "merry definition of an ambassador" which, says Sir Henry Wotton in a letter to Velsar, "I had chanced to set down at my friend's, Mr. Christopher Fleckamore, in his Album." The definition, as will be recalled, was this: "An ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the commonwealth." Of American novelists who in an official capacity have juggled with the truth at foreign courts, the list is not long. In fact, only two foreign ministers, Bayard Taylor and Mr. Arthur Sherburne Hardy, come to mind at this moment as combining the two characters of story-writer and minister plenipotentiary; and Taylor, though he produced four creditable novels, is ranked rather with the poets than with the writers of prose fiction. Washington Irving wrote some things—"Knickerbocker's History of New York," for instance—that contained more fiction than fact; but even the most elastic definition of a novelist fails to include him in that category. The consular service, however, has engaged the talents of several eminent writers of pure fiction,—notably Nathaniel Hawthorne during the administration of the presi-

dent whose biography he prepared. Charles Lever, among British novelists, filled consular positions. But now we have, in the appointment of Mr. Thomas Nelson Page as ambassador to Italy, and of Mr. Meredith Nicholson as minister to Portugal, two notable additions to the little company of diplomat-novelists. The author of "Marse Chan," "In Ole Virginia," "On Newfound River," "Red Rock," "Gordon Keith," and many other deservedly popular works of fiction, is in the full maturity of his powers, having been born in 1853, in the "Old Dominion" that has served as the scene of so many of his stories. Three terms at the Washington and Lee University, with a subsequent course of law at the University of Virginia, seem to have completed his formal education; and he holds the degrees of Litt.D. and LL.D. from both Southern and Northern universities. His abandonment of the law for letters came only after eighteen years of legal practice in Richmond, during a part of which time he followed the two professions simultaneously. He is a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Mr. Nicholson, the popular Indiana novelist, known especially for his "House of a Thousand Candles," "The Lords of High Decision," and "The Siege of the Seven Suitsors," has also issued at least two volumes of poems and has tried his pen in serious prose, as in "The Hoosiers" (in "National Studies in American Letters"). Born at Crawfordsville in 1866, he was educated at the public schools of Indianapolis, holds honorary degrees from Wabash College and Rutter College, and is a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

INDIA'S FIRST LIBRARY SCHOOL is about to be started, if it is not already started, at Baroda College. The principal of that college, Mr. A. B. Clarke, in a recent address before the Baroda Library Club, now printed in the Baroda "Library Miscellany," said: "I propose—and my proposal will go out to Government for orders very shortly—I propose to start in the College a Post-Graduate course in Library Science. I imagine that we are probably about to see a great development of libraries throughout India, very largely as a result of the work begun under His Highness' direction here. No University or College in this country, so far as I am aware, has yet made any steps in preparation for this coming need, and I suggest as a subject for profitable consideration that here in Baroda we should recognize this force, comparatively new to Indian life, by the institution of a two years' course in Library Science in the Baroda College. We are well situated to undertake this work, for we have an expert in classification and library methods, who would doubtless gladly give his services; we have at our disposal also the whole of the College staff to lecture on the subjects which may be selected as appropriate to the course." Confidence is expressed in the future demand for library-school graduates to take charge of "the various libraries we may expect to see arising in different parts of

this country." The foregoing mention of "His Highness" refers to the Maharaja Sayaji Rao Gaikwad, leader in the present free-library movement in India; and the "expert in classification and library methods" we infer to be Mr. W. A. Borden, formerly active in library work in this country, and now Director of State Libraries in Baroda. The "Library Miscellany," first and at present only journal of its kind in India, is now approaching the end of its first year, and has doubled in size since its starting. It contains an unexpected richness of varied matter, all having to do with library work and progress at home and abroad; and it continues its heroic undertaking of printing its matter in three languages,—English, Gujarati, and Marathi. It is also well illustrated. That so considerable and necessarily expensive a library journal should be able to maintain itself in a country where the modern public library is in its infancy is cause for surprise and congratulation.

EDUCATIONAL VALUES are not often expressed, or indeed expressible, in terms of dollars and cents. But the Northwestern University statisticians have of late been busy computing the worth in money of a higher education. For this purpose a census was taken of the class of 1903, which has had nearly ten years to get shaken down and to realize the permanent value of things acquired at college. For the first five years after graduation the average earning power was eight hundred and sixty-seven dollars, and for the next five eighteen hundred and sixty-two. The national Census Bureau gives the average yearly income of the Chicago salaried man as twelve hundred and two dollars. Subtract this latter amount from eighteen hundred and sixty-two, and multiply the remainder by forty (a fair estimate of a man's years of productive activity after he attains to full earning capacity), and the result is something over twenty-six thousand dollars. Deduct from this the cost of a four-years course at college, computed at twenty-four hundred dollars for the Northwestern curriculum, and we have as the net value of the sheepskin handed out to the young graduate on commencement day, twenty-four thousand dollars, or let us say, not to shave the figure too closely, twenty-five thousand. That is a very pretty arithmetical performance, and the result arrived at ought to cheer the worldly-ambitious collegian, present or prospective. But there are not a few young men who, naturally acquisitive of material possessions, find their aims and ideals so raised to a higher plane by a college course that they themselves are rendered much less efficient as money-making machines. And are not those who succeed in preparing for and completing a college or university education the very ones who, as a rule, would in any case be victors in the battle of life? The bachelor of arts sometimes succeeds as a breadwinner, not because of, but in spite of, his academic equipment. Thus, after all, the problem is not so simple as it looks.

SIR JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE, BART., enjoys the distinction, as his friends and admirers claim, of being the first man of letters since Scott to receive the baronetcy. Scribbling knights are as plentiful as plums, but to win the higher grade with the pen is a distinction indeed. The honor is in this instance as well deserved as it was unexpected and unsought, Mr. Barrie (or Sir James, we should say) being among the most modest and un-selfseeking of mortals. A London correspondent of the New York "Evening Post" calls attention, in this connection, to the autobiographic value of "When a Man's Single," especially in the unabridged form in which that cheerful narrative originally appeared in "The British Weekly." The author, it is asserted, is a composite of two of his characters,—Rob Angus, the youth who leaves a Thrums sawmill to accept the position of reporter on the Silchester "Daily Mirror," and afterward courts success or failure as a free-lance in London, and J. Noble Simms, an experienced metropolitan journalist whose counsel proves helpful to the young man from the country. Silchester of course stands for Nottingham, where the future creator of Thrums and its picturesque characters was for two years, after leaving Edinburgh University, on the staff of a daily paper. That the above-named book is rich in autobiographic material is thought to be at least partly proved by the reported utterance of Sir William Robertson Nicoll (editor of "The British Weekly") concerning young Mr. Barrie as he first knew him: "You never caught him reading; he did not buy papers, and yet in some mysterious way he knew everything." That, as may be recalled, is a good description, as far as it goes, of J. Noble Simms. Intending writers for the press are advised by the authority here quoted to make a serious study of "When a Man's Single." Such a study is certainly likely to prove remunerative in diversion even if not in useful advice, and the probability is that it will be profitable in both.

"CREATIVE" LIBRARY WORK is what all earnest library workers naturally wish to engage in, and do engage in to the extent of their aptitudes and opportunities. At the St. Joseph (Mo.) Public Library there has been established a new department, called the Creative Department, of which the librarian, Mr. Charles E. Rush, says in his current Annual Report: "The need of an assistant to devote full time to the various methods of securing larger numbers of readers and to promote the reading of better literature on the part of those enrolled as patrons resulted in the establishment of the 'Creative Department.' This department was given immediate supervision of the compiling of reading lists, newspaper stories, printed Library publicity, bulletins, picture collections, and special exhibitions." Of the library's illustrated circular addressed to school-children, of which mention has already been made by us, it is reported that "these circulars more than doubled the juvenile registration in one month, and also increased the adult registration." A further

activity of a "creative" nature has been the installation of an Edison Home Kinetoscope, equipped for moving-picture films and stereopticon slides. This is especially for story-hour use at the branches, and it has proved a decided success with the children. It will be of interest to note that "the equipment includes moving-picture films of such titles as 'Little Red Riding Hood,' 'Hansel and Gretel,' 'The Child in the Forest,' and 'The Little Girl Who Did Not Believe in Santa Claus,' etc., and lantern slides showing ten pictures on each plate of interesting travel scenes and instructive geographical subjects. The remarkable features of the machine are its simplicity of construction and management, portable size, economy in purchase and maintenance cost, and the pleasing results obtained." Other features of Mr. Rush's Report, especially its novel and artistic form, appeal for notice; but our space is inexorably inelastic. . . .

THE FRENCH ACADEMY'S GRAND PRIZE FOR LITERATURE, awarded this year to M. Romain Rolland, author of the ten-volume chronicle of the doings of Jean-Christophe—a narrative that its numerous French admirers, and perhaps others also, would like to see extended to a hundred volumes—has been well bestowed. A mind capable of conceiving and producing a work of so generous a scope must have an unusually wide range of interests and tastes and aptitudes. That it has such a range is evident, even to the inquirer who searches no further than the pages of "Who's Who," whence a few significant items may here be noted. Born January 29, 1866, at Clamecy, M. Rolland was educated at the college of his native town, at the Ecole Normale Supérieure in Paris, and at the French School in Rome. He has the academic degrees of *agrégé d'histoire* and *docteur ès lettres*, and has been professor of the history of art at the Ecole Normale Supérieure, and afterward at the Sorbonne, where he was the first to teach the history of music; he is a member of the "conseil de direction de l'Ecole des Hautes Etudes Sociales." His published works include seven dramas, which need not here be named, biographies of Beethoven, Michael Angelo, and Tolstoy, a history of the opera in Europe before Lully and Scazzatti, books on musicians, early and modern, and the monumental "Jean-Christophe." His recreations are music and travel, and he has his abode, appropriately enough, on Mount Parnassus (162 Boulevard Montparnasse). . . .

A GREEK PARALLEL TO "THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS," unsuspected by most lovers of that famous allegory, is pointed out by Mr. William E. A. Axon in a contribution to the New York "Evening Post." He first quotes from a letter written by Southey to Sir Egerton Brydges: "The paper upon Bunyan in the last *Quarterly Review* is by Sir Walter [Scott]. He has not observed, and I, when I wrote the 'Life,' had forgotten, that the 'compleat design of a

Pilgrim's Progress' is to be found in Lucian's 'Hermotimus.'" Quotation at some length is then made from this dialogue, in the translation of Messrs. H. W. and F. G. Fowler (Clarendon Press). Bunyan's Celestial City is, in Lucian, a sort of Utopian State, symbolizing virtue, and inspiring in those who hear about it a desire to become its citizens. As Lycinus says, in the course of the dialogue: "In good truth, Hermotimus, we should devote all our efforts to this, and neglect everything else; we need pay little heed to any claims of our earthly country; we should steel our hearts against the clings and cryings of children or parents, if we have them; it is well if we can induce them to go with us; but, if they will not or cannot, shake them off and march straight for the city of bliss, leaving your coat in their hands, if they lay hold of it to keep you back, in your hurry to get there; what matter for a coat? You will be admitted without one. I remember hearing a description of it all once before from an old man who urged me to go there with him." Differences as well as resemblances occur, inevitably, in the two treatments of the theme, and it is obvious enough that the English allegorist had no knowledge of his forerunner; and, of course, however many writers before Bunyan may have had dreams and visions similar to his, and even if, as some have supposed, he got a few hints from Spenser's "Faerie Queene," or possibly from the legend, a favorite with him, of Sir Bevis of Southampton, nevertheless the honors of the Bedford preacher remain undiminished; for

"Though old the thought and oft exprest,  
'Tis his at last who says it best."

A REMARKABLE GUIDE-BOOK, unknown to readers of Murray and Baedeker, but more genuinely useful than any of those familiar red volumes, is Mr. John Foster Carr's admirable "Guide to the United States for Immigrants." It was in his college days that Mr. Carr, tramping in his summer vacations through the sunny south of Europe, had planted within him the germs of what later developed into a large capacity for understanding and helping the foreigner of lowly station on his arrival in this land of opportunity and freedom. Of the Italian immigrant especially he learned to comprehend the needs and desires; and so it was for him first of all, and in his tongue, that the now famous "Guide" was prepared. Though specialists and experts were called upon to put their finishing touches to the various sections of this primer for prospective Americans, the simplicity of its style and plan remained unimpaired, and the readiness with which its lessons can be grasped by the humble reader is a constant source of delight to him and to all concerned. First published three years ago, the initial edition of three thousand copies was soon exhausted, and a second of ten thousand went the way of its predecessor. Translations, or adaptations, rather, in Yiddish and Polish were added, and found eager purchasers.



English versions of the Italian and the Yiddish manuals were prepared for Americans desirous of keeping themselves informed of what Mr. Carr is doing. The modest price of fifteen cents is charged for the book, in any of its several versions; and as it is well-illustrated and otherwise well made, this price barely pays for its manufacture. To further its distribution, and thus to do something toward solving the immigration problem, a general invitation is extended to make the acquaintance of the "Guide," which can be had, postpaid, of Mr. John Foster Carr, 241 Fifth Avenue, New York.

A POVERTY OF POETIC TERMS seems to be apprehended by Mr. Edmund Gosse in the near future of the art of poetry. In a recent lecture on "The Future of English Poetry" he expressed himself, according to the London "Times," as foreseeing a dearth of adequately expressive and sufficiently unhackneyed language to meet the poet's need. "With the superabundant circulation of language year after year, week after week, the possibilities of freshness grow rarer and rarer. The obvious, simple, poignant things seem all to have been said." Such is the tone of Mr. Gosse's gloomy prognostications, but one may, without being a fatuous optimist, refuse to share his fears. Some thousands of years ago it was written by one who chanced to find himself in what may have been not unlike Mr. Gosse's present state of mind: "Is there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new? it hath been already of old time, which was before us." Just how the new bottles for the new wine will be provided, and exactly what form and fashion they will take, can never be predicted; else they would not be new; but a good case could be made out for the probability of greater freshness and richness in the vehicle of poetic thought in the future than in the past, if any such argument were needed to avert a panic among the poets. The necessity, however, does not exist.

FURTHER FACTS CONCERNING THE WIDENER COLLECTION, which is ere long to find a suitable home in the new Harvard library building erected to his memory, are contributed to the current "Harvard Graduates' Magazine" by Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach of Philadelphia. It appears, rich and rare as the collection has been found to be, its value will be still further enhanced by the addition of a number of items from the second Huth sale for which Mr. Widener left bids with Mr. Quaritch before embarking on the ill-fated "Titanic"; and these orders are to be filled, under his mother's authority, as if he were still living. A pathetic story about the Bacon's "Essays" (London, 1598) in Widener's possession is now told. A short time before the ship sank he put the little volume, of which only four or five copies are known to exist in that rare second edition, into his pocket, saying to his mother: "Mother, I have placed the volume in my pocket; little 'Bacon' goes with me."

## COMMUNICATIONS.

### THE DATING OF BOOKS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Two or three months ago one of the best publishing firms in this country sent out for review a book bearing upon its title-page the date 1913. The title-page does not in any way indicate that it is a new edition or new impression, but turning over, we read "Copyright, 1908 and 1909, by ——. Copyright, 1911, by ——" In the preface it is stated that the book is based on chapters contributed to two magazines, but that since their publication in these, they have been revised and considerably enlarged. The copyright dates 1908 and 1909 evidently refer to the magazine publications, but the meaning of the date 1911 is not clear without further enquiry. To be quite sure, I wrote direct to the publishers for information, receiving this reply:

"Answering your inquiry of April 12th, we would advise that we first published — in November, 1911. The book has been re-issued since in the same form."

I then wrote to the author, explaining what had been done, and asking if it had his approval. He replied under date of May 31:

"I thank you for telling me what my publishers have done. I do not approve of it, and am forwarding your letter with a request that they do the proper thing in this matter."

To-day I have a letter from the publishers, dated June 12, as follows:

"Your letter to — concerning — has been referred to us for reply. We wish to state that the title pages of books are always changed to the date of the year in which that special edition has been printed, but the date on the copyright page remains the same, being the date when the book was first published."

It is because the publishers appeal to common usage for their justification, that I think it may be worth while to discuss the practice described. Without making any minute or statistical enquiry, I think I am justified in saying that it is becoming increasingly difficult to determine from the title-page the true history of a book. In many cases new impressions are styled new editions, while in others their dates are those of the impression, with nothing on the title-page to indicate that they were published in an earlier year. There is, of course, the copyright date, given in small type over the page, but purchasers and even reviewers may not notice this. Can publishers say, with a perfectly clear conscience, that they do not expect or wish the public to be deceived by their method of dating? T. D. A. COCKERELL.

Boulder, Colo., June 16, 1913.

### A FORTHCOMING BIOGRAPHY OF KEATS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Will you do me the favour to make it known among your readers that I am engaged on a new and what I hope to make a standard and complete critical Biography of the poet Keats, and that I shall be very grateful to receive notes of any unpublished material, autograph or other, which may be in the hands of American collectors. With some of these gentlemen I have the pleasure of being already in communication, but there must be others who can help me in my purpose if they will, and it is to them that I now wish to make appeal through your columns. SIDNEY COLVIN.

35 Palace Gardens Terrace,  
London, W., England, June 6, 1913.

### The New Books.

#### THE HERO OF GETTYSBURG.\*

It is a commentary on the power of words that what Lincoln said at Gettysburg has eclipsed what Meade did there. To be bowled over by an eulogy celebrating your own performance is a hard fate. Of course such an effect can only be temporary. There is room in the gratitude of men both for the doer of a deed and the orator or prophet soul who appreciates it. Evidences are not wanting that General George Gordon Meade is coming into his own.

He has at least been fortunate in his biographers. The first was Colonel Bache, a cousin, who gave an admirable account of Meade's personality. The second was Mr. Pennypacker, whose careful military study of Meade's career, based on the War Records, has been accepted as authoritative both at home and abroad. The work now just published consists primarily of Meade's letters to his wife during the Mexican and Civil Wars. These are connected by a thread of biography supplied by his son, Colonel George Meade, with some additions by his grandson, George Gordon Meade, who edits the whole. This biographical matter is calm and clear in style, with no trace of partisanship or special pleading. In its simplicity and reserve, indeed, it foregoes opportunities for popular appeal. More than this, however, there are over two hundred pages of appendices, in which are given the correspondence between Meade and Halleck after Gettysburg, many newspaper articles attacking Meade, his testimony before the Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War, and much other matter impugning or defending him. In addition, there is a set of twenty-four maps showing the positions of the Union and Confederate armies before, during, and after Gettysburg.

Such boldness in editing we believe is unparalleled in biography. It is as though General Meade's family had said to the public: "We want nothing but truth and justice. Here are all the materials for an opinion. Judge!"

The entirely new part of this work lies of course in General Meade's letters to his wife. They are attractive and interesting, and reveal

a character fiery and firm, considerate and gentle. In the darkest hours he is not despondent, and in the brightest not too much elate. His judgment of men and measures is extraordinarily just. In the thick of things, his views as to what should be done, both politically and in the field, are such as time has proved accurate. Towards the end his indignation at the treatment meted out to him occasionally breaks forth in strong words. "I don't believe the truth will ever be known," he wrote, "and I have a great contempt for History." These letters are rich material for a future historian. There are hundreds of incidents, and innumerable flashes of light upon important events, which can be found nowhere else. Of Meade's personal character and his relations to his family and friends it is unnecessary to speak. They were ideal.

Yet there was a quality in him which worked against his success,—a certain aloofness which probably caused the newspaper cabal against him and alienated the complete sympathy of the public. For one thing, he was a trained soldier, and he had scant regard for people who took up soldiering without such training. His earliest letters from Mexico are filled with objurgations at the volunteers or irregulars. Yet when in the middle of that campaign the despised volunteers won the victory of Buena Vista, he said it was the greatest feat of arms America had ever seen or will see. Similarly, the ink was hardly dry in the letters describing the hopeless character of the recruits of the Pennsylvania Reserves when they gave a good account of themselves at Dranesville, winning the first victory of the war. Meade's views of the necessity of training and preparation for war were entirely right, but he never seemed to realize that the American volunteer soon becomes a veteran. Somebody asked Grant once how long it took to make an infantry soldier. "Oh, about half an hour," he said. Grant's trust in common humanity endeared him to the people, and when the critical moment came probably helped him to take precedence of Meade, though it is probable that he was not so brilliant a soldier, and it is at least doubtful whether his total sheaves of victory overtop Meade's in importance.

If this touch of hauteur and professional pride must be scored against Meade, there is a vast account of injustice on the side of the country to be wiped out. Americans, indeed, may be said to have an hereditary instinct of injustice towards him. His father died broken-hearted at the failure of his Spanish claims under the

\*THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF GEORGE GORDON MEADE, Major-General United States Army. By George Meade, Captain and Aide-de-camp and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel United States Army; edited by George Gordon Meade. In two volumes, illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Treaty of Florida. The justice of these claims was admitted, and at different times bills for their payment passed both Houses of Congress. But the matter was not consummated then, and this really infamous robbery has been perpetuated to the present day.

For fifty years Meade has been set aside, ignored, depreciated, even insulted. The man who saved the Union Army from disaster at Charles City, who swept the Confederates from South Mountain, who led the charge at Marye's Heights (the most splendid one of the war), who was promoted on the field of Antietam, who saved Grant from the consequences of his blunder at the North Anna and Sheridan again and again, who fought the two battles which drove the Confederates into their lines at Richmond, has ever been doubted and decried. But of course his crowning triumph was Gettysburg. It was the greatest single thing done by any leader on either side during the war,—the most important battle of the four years. The best military authorities are practically united in saying that if Gettysburg had been lost the cause of the North would have been doomed.

Consider the conditions of the two leaders in that conflict. Lee, knowing of course his aim and purpose, his army well in hand, his troops flushed with two great victories and made more formidable by rumor, had been in long trusted command. Meade was suddenly summoned three days before the battle to take charge of the Union army. Its *morale* was more or less impaired by defeat; he hardly knew the positions of his widely scattered troops, and of course could not tell where the enemy would strike. Consider the marvellous concentration that preceded and followed the crushing in of his van and the death of his most brilliant captain in the first day's fight at Gettysburg. Consider the energy, the promptitude, the skill, with which he repaired the gallant but almost fatal error of Sickles's advance on the second, when, but for the support he gave, the army would have been cut in two and the Round Tops lost. Consider his prevision of the third day's fight. "They have tried our right, they have tried our left, and to-morrow they will attack our centre," he said. Consider how he met this probability, ranging line after line of troops at the threatened point, so if the Confederate columns had broken through the outer rim it would have been an avalanche swallowed up by an earthquake. Consider how he placed Gregg and his cavalry to cover his right. Wherever men or a leader were needed there they were

set by the stern ruler of the day. Surely few battles have ever been fought which exhibited more divining and directing genius, more prevision, preparation, and personal daring than Meade put forth at Gettysburg.

But, his critics have sung in chorus ever since, he did not make a counter attack. Well, flesh and blood are not quite iron and fire. Three days of tremendous marching, three days more of terrific fighting, would seem as much as could be expected from mere mortals. The Sixth Corps, which we are always told was fresh to the fight and could have been hurled upon Lee, did not exist as an entity. It had been broken up and scattered to different points of the line. Besides, the head of Meade's spear of battle, Reynolds, was shattered, its massy shaft, Hancock, broken. Gibbons, Sickles, and other generals were out of the combat. All Lee's great lieutenants were alive and ready for the fray.

But why apologize for what was wisdom's very course? Anyone who knows the ground, who has realized the spirit of the Southern troops, who has read the lessons of Fredericksburg and Cold Harbor, knows that an assault on Lee's position would have been repulsed with fearful slaughter. The Confederates' concave line was more defensible than the convex one of the Unionists, and its converging fire would have annihilated any columns Meade could have set in motion. It is surely a fair thing to compare Gettysburg with the Battle of the Wilderness. Meade's superiority in numbers has been questioned,—at the most it was trifling. Grant had 125,000 to Lee's 70,000. After a long rest in winter quarters and then a leisurely day's march, Lee struck him in the tangled scrub oak thickets of the Wilderness. Two days of fighting ensued, terrific, but not worse than the first two days at Gettysburg. Then both armies accepted check. If Grant was a more determined fighter than Meade, why did he not turn upon Lee then and there and overwhelm and smother him with his immense numerical superiority? He might have saved Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg. Doubtless he did all that was humanly possible; but if we criticize Meade must we not also condemn Grant?

Fame at last awards its wreaths to the worthiest. Prejudice, clap-trap, partisan feeling are in vain. To the South, which was outnumbered two and a half to one in men and outweighed probably five times in resources, will finally go the larger share of the glory of the war. Lee,



in whose hand the South placed and kept its sword of command, will shine forth as the central figure of the strife. His audacities, his endurance, his resourcefulness, and his indomitable battle spirit, were longer tried and more triumphant than those of any other leader. But in Meade, though the latter had no such range of opportunity, no such unfettered command, we believe that Lee met his match. They were the two best soldiers of the war, and it was a fate propitious to the Republic which set them opposed in the battle that saved the Union.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

#### THIRTEENTH CENTURY POLITICS AND CULTURE.\*

Mr. Henry D. Sedgwick, already known as a sympathetic student of Italian life, has given us in his "Italy in the Thirteenth Century" a work of *belles lettres* rather than a formal history. No learned footnotes mar the delight of browsing through pages bristling with poetical quotations, and all the dry material of chronology and bibliography is relegated to the appendix at the end of the second volume. And yet the work has an historical purpose, for, winding in and out among the details of Provençal, Sicilian, Bolognese, and Tuscan poets, university professors, artists, and saints, is the story of the last great phase of mediæval imperialism in State and Church. The imposing figure of Innocent III. ushers us in; the versatile Emperor Frederick II., *stupor mundi*, flits through the first volume; while the pathetic Pope Boniface VIII., broken by the humiliation of Anagni, closes the panorama and marks the end of the middle ages.

Little essays on politics, religion, literature, and art as found in thirteenth-century Italy form the substance of the two volumes. There are twenty-nine of these essays in the first volume, each averaging twelve well-printed octavo pages, and twenty in the second volume, each about sixteen pages in length. Such short disconnected chapters are easy to read by themselves and of themselves as special topics in the history of politics and culture. Thus in volume one we have a chapter on Innocent III. as the Priest and as the Preacher, then one on Joachim the Prophet, followed by an essay on

Papal Jurisprudence and a culminating chapter on Innocent as *Dominus Dominantium*. From this group we pass to a chapter on St. Francis and another on his First Disciples, while the next two chapters or essays relate to Frederick II. and his relations with the Papacy. The field of religious and political history is then abandoned in favor of brief studies of Provençal and Sicilian poetry; of the Lombard Communes; of Bologna, her Constitution, her University, and her University professors, especially the merry Boncompagno, and their interests; of the Nobles of the North; and of Art in its earlier development and its thirteenth-century applications. Only towards the end of the first volume do we get back to the Papacy and the Empire, with Innocent IV. excommunicating Frederick, and that "wonder of the world" bringing his meteoric career to a close by a death-bed marriage to the mother of Manfred. But we are asked to turn to Gothic architecture, the later history of the early Franciscans, and the disciples of Joachim before studying the last stand of the Italian Hohenstaufen. Essays on Tuscany and Florence close the first volume, which has thus presented a bewildering variety of content in its many brief chapters on politics, religion, and culture.

The twenty chapters of the second volume are slightly longer and in general somewhat less topical than those of the first. Without attempting a detailed survey of the contents, it will be sufficient to say that there is one chapter on thirteenth-century manners and customs, two on the great theologians St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Bonaventura, three on Italian vernacular and Latin literature, three dealing with the city states and provinces, four in succession on sculpture and painting, six on Italian politics and the papacy, and an epilogue which attempts in five pages to give a synthesis and summary of what has been treated.

Mr. Sedgwick brings to his task of description and interpretation the enthusiasm of a literary scholar rather than the organizing power and critical acumen of the scientific historian. His portrayal of Innocent III. is sympathetic and appreciative compared with the less enthusiastic treatment accorded to Frederick II., who is depicted as "less a man ahead of his time than out of sympathy with it." In view of the remarkable constructive work of a governmental and legal character that Frederick undoubtedly accomplished in his Italian kingdom, it is difficult to see how such a negative judgment can be

\*ITALY IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. In two volumes. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

sustained. Frederick was probably somewhat out of sympathy with his time, but he was in advance of it also, not in his imperial ideas and ambitions but in his viewpoint as to centralized government. Yet Mr. Sedgwick observes that "he looked back and not forward." Surely this is not true of the ablest and most interesting of the Hohenstaufen, save in so far as he was an imperialist. The truth is that Mr. Sedgwick is not convincing as an interpreter of mediæval history, however entertaining and fluent he may show himself as a sympathetic commentator on thirteenth-century civilization.

The treatment accorded St. Francis and his followers is scholarly and interesting, though lacking in unity. Similarly the account of Italian vernacular culture in its various stages of development is scattered through several chapters, interesting in themselves but more valuable historically if grouped together. Were the work as a whole arranged in sections having topical unity and development, it would be more readable and convincing as a study of mediæval politics and culture. As it is, we must either skip from one chapter to another further on, making our own topical selection, or read a succession of chapters with no more than numerical or slight chronological continuity.

The value of a work such as this, though not great from the constructive historical viewpoint, is considerable. Information attractively presented abounds in every chapter. The politicians, churchmen, poets, and artists that made the thirteenth century so wonderful in history pass before us in brilliant procession. Their activities are described, their characters are assessed, and their words quoted in a spirit of sympathy and appreciation. The English reader has the opportunity given him of coming in contact with great personalities of Church and State, with famous and romantic Italian cities and districts, and with the stirring new life of the Italian vernacular as it develops from the Provençal forms and the southern Italian or Sicilian dialect to the sweet mysticism of the *dolce stil nuovo* over which the young Dante raved so mightily. Many an eager young student with tenacious memory and enthusiasm for culture will find these volumes an Open Sesame to the varied life of Italy in what Renan calls *le plus grand siècle du moyen âge*, while older and more experienced minds will pick and choose such topics as interest them and will find the treatment scholarly and sympathetic. This is particularly true of Innocent III., about whom

there is so little of value in English; and also of Joachim of Calabria, whom Mr. Sedgwick characterizes as one who

"Flew at the sacred text like Michelangelo at a block of marble, hacking, cutting, chiselling, shaping, until he forced the cold material to set free the imprisoned truth within. He cared little or nothing about dates and times; his soul was swept along on the whirl of St. John's tremendous vision; he saw again the pale horse ridden by Death with hell following after, he saw the fearful beasts and the stars of heaven falling to earth as the fig tree casts her fruit; he felt the mighty mystic import of the end of one era and the beginning of another, and his soul flushed with expectation and passion."

This remarkable religious enthusiast and prophet has been too little noticed by English writers in comparison with St. Francis and St. Dominic. He was in many ways a mediæval prototype of Savonarola in his prophecies of disaster, though lacking the political power possessed by the great Florentine seer.

Mr. Sedgwick's treatment of Italian culture is of particular interest and value on account of the many illustrative quotations he gives. This feature makes the half-dozen chapters devoted to the poets a veritable source book of thirteenth century vernacular literature. The extracts are admirably selected, and of sufficient length or completeness to furnish the reader with a comparative idea of the progress of literary culture from Sordello to Dante. The original Italian usually precedes the English translation, affording an opportunity for the linguist who may wish to criticise the translator. Popular and yet scholarly accounts of the various fine arts round out the cultural treatment, and emphasize the intimate relationship that existed in the later middle ages and early Renaissance between politics, religion, and culture. A sense of humor is present in many of the cultural chapters, and is especially apparent in the delightful little essay entitled "On Some University Professors," as witness the following extract relating to the incomparable Boncompagno of Bologna:

"Boncompagno's treatise, *The Palm*, which, so he says, enjoyed great success at the University and put his enemies to rout, seems to us as primitive as the paintings or sculpture of contemporary artists. It is a little book of some twenty pages, intended rather for teachers in the preparation of their lectures than for students; it deals briefly with various matters in the art of writing: composition itself, prose, a grant of privilege, a testament, the parts of a letter,—salutation, narration, petition, conclusion,—punctuation, minor clauses and parables. It reveals to us the difficulties that beset the men who dig the foundation of knowledge. 'I admit,' he says, 'that I do not know where the epistolary art was discovered. In Greece I was told that when the Israelites were under Pharaoh's yoke they

did not dare speak to one another, and therefore Moses invented writing and communicated with them in that way. Others say that the art was invented in Noah's ark. I am wholly ignorant whether these explanations are true or false.

"His self-confidence and his love of humour, however, enliven the book. He gives but one example of the proper form for beginning a letter: 'Suppose,' he says, 'that the Pope writes to the Emperor on one matter or on several. If it is on one matter the writer may begin in this way: Since We are bound by our office to be assiduous in admonishing all the sons of the Church lest they be caught in the snares of earthly temptation, much more attentively We ought to counsel your Imperial Majesty by apostolic letters, so that you may pass through the things of this world in such a way as not to lose those of eternity, etc. But if in the same letter the Pope wishes to touch upon a second matter he may proceed thus: Moreover We commend most heartily to your Excellency our beloved son Doctor B., whom We and our brethren from an intimate knowledge of his piety and learning love most dearly, begging your Excellency that on account of our request you will treat him with every consideration and give a favourable answer to his requests.' To whom can he refer under this discreet initial?"

We are certainly under obligations to Mr. Sedgwick for the exploitation of this delightful character.

Mr. Sedgwick's style is fluent, though a little flowery. It savors somewhat of an attempt at fine writing, but is easy to read and well suited to the descriptive work with which he chiefly occupies himself. A full-blown literary style is not out of place when literature and art in their interpretative aspects are being enthusiastically treated. There are, however, in some places *naïvetés* of expression and commonplaces of quotation that jar on one in reading a work of seemingly selective character. But, on the whole, one cannot but admire the general literary tone and quality of the work, and pronounce it a valuable addition to the library of any lover of books or student of culture. The lack of historical organization is a fault that may be remedied in another edition; meanwhile we are the richer by the possession of new material in English on thirteenth-century politics and culture.

Some thirty well selected photogravure illustrations, together with a map of Italy, add to the general value of the work for reference and guidance. An excellent index is provided, and the typography and appearance of the volumes do credit to the publishers. Teachers giving college or university courses in mediæval history will undoubtedly find these volumes a most welcome addition to the somewhat scanty material in English available for students' use.

N. M. TRENHOLME.

#### LITERARY RELICS OF A BYGONE AGE.\*

In Miss Weston's new volume we have for the first time completely accessible in modern English "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight," the most beautiful of all mediæval English romances of chivalry; together with either pioneer translations or better translations than have hitherto existed of a number of other mediæval poems—"Arthur at Tarn Wadling," "Cleanness," "Patience," the "Pearl," with parts of the "Morte Arthure," and of the "Vision of Piers the Plowman." Of these, the "Pearl" is an especially noteworthy vision-poem which deserves to be widely known. It has the distinction of style and the power of poetic imagery which one admires in "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight," and it is generally thought to be by the same unknown author. A partial translation in verse by Dr. Weir Mitchell (The Century Co., 1906) has already drawn some attention to this remarkable poem; but Miss Weston's version, besides being complete, succeeds far better in reproducing the spirit and atmosphere of the original.

If faithfulness to general effect, rather than line-for-line accuracy at particular points, be the test of verse translation, it should be said at once that Miss Weston's versions of "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight" and the "Pearl" are splendidly successful. Miss Weston's general competence is assured by the long practice which she has had in translating from mediæval languages. She translated Wolfram's "Parzival" into English verse in 1894, the greater part of "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight" into English prose in 1898, Gottfried's "Tristan" in 1899, four of the *lais* of Marie de France in 1900, and since then several other Old-French Arthurian stories. Doubtless in a second edition of her latest volume Miss Weston will polish and improve some careless phrases. It is hoped that she will also avoid the mistake of using, in a translation into modern English, words which are either obsolete or are employed in a meaning no longer understood. In a few places, by the use of such words, she has obscured the meaning of her lines. Two examples must suffice:

"The very steed beneath the self-same semblance ware" (p. 10).

"For tho' his weird be drear  
Each man that same must dree" (p. 26).

Anyone who grasps easily the meaning of these

\* ROMANCE, VISION, AND SATIRE. By Jessie L. Weston. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.



lines of "translation" will be qualified to understand the original Middle English.

Miss Weston has done well to place her translation of "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight" first in her book, for it is sure to make the greatest appeal to the reader. It is a capital story, told with distinction of manner and adequate constructive skill. Sir Gawain is pictured as the Father of Courtesy, the beloved and almost perfect English knight of the fourteenth century. Ideals of conduct and those things which train, develop, and test the heart of a man are kept ever before us. We feel as we read that the class of society for which the poet wrote, and to which he doubtless belonged, took much thought for the spirit, how it should be strengthened and made noble. The intellectual weakness of such a society is plain. It was unwilling to entertain new ideas, except such as seemed likely to be of use to the soul. That the habit mediæval men had of repressing everything new that seemed to them valueless for the soul was narrow and deadening, everyone knows. To-day the condition is reversed,—no fear of injury to the soul deters anybody from giving welcome to a new idea, however dangerous it may appear. A new idea is likely to be submitted to the test of a different kind of utility,—utility to the body. If it will not help us to be clothed, warmed, and filled, we will have none of it. Our narrowness is different from that of the Middle Ages; and some readers experience a delightful and perhaps useful change by looking back from the materialistic civilization of to-day to the ideal which English noblemen of the fourteenth century pictured for themselves. In romances of chivalry such as "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight" one gets at least a complete relief from the insistent utilitarianism of modern writing. The change in point of view may broaden our horizon; but perhaps, after all, it is wiser to say that we turn back to these old stories merely for mental play, merely to relax our spirits with the exhilarating thought that we are doing nothing useful. The increasing number of readers who enjoy these romances will feel an obligation to Miss Weston and to her publishers for making accessible in such charming form these relics of a bygone age.

ARTHUR C. L. BROWN.

MISS LILIAN WHITING has returned from a prolonged visit to Greece, where she went to obtain material at first hand for her autumn book of travel and description, to be called "Athens, the Violet-Crowned." She brought back with her a fine collection of pictures which will be reproduced in her book.

#### A GREAT EDUCATIONAL REFERENCE WORK.\*

Anyone who glances through the list of contributors to the new volumes of Professor Monroe's "Cyclopedia of Education"† will be impressed with the fact that the editor has induced many of the recognized educational authorities in this country and abroad to collaborate with him in the production of this great work. The writers who have prepared the articles for these volumes are to-day playing the chief rôles in determining educational theory and, to some extent, educational practice throughout the world. Usually much of the work in encyclopædias is done by persons who are chiefly skilled in presenting in acceptable form the knowledge which others have developed; but it is precisely the other way around in respect to the volumes before us. This peculiarity is perhaps due to the fact that educational subjects have not heretofore been presented to any extent in encyclopædic style, so that it has been necessary to call upon those who are actually shaping educational thought to furnish the contents of this work.

Every article in these two new volumes is, in the opinion of the present reviewer, the work of a capable specialist; and it is probable that what these writers have presented will command the respect and secure the attention of educational workers in all countries. In assigning space to the various articles, primary importance has been given to those dealing with subjects of present-day interest; and these should meet the needs of those persons who are actually engaged in the work of instruction. There are many articles in these volumes, of course, which will appeal primarily to the educational philosopher, historian, and administrator; but the interests of these groups are not made paramount.

Some of the more important articles which bear directly upon the problems of the school are those on Geography; Geology; the educational history and present practice of Germany, Italy, and Japan; the study and teaching of Greek, Latin, and English Grammar; high schools in the United States; various topics on School Hygiene; a large number on Educational Psychology; Household Arts in Educa-

\* A CYCLOPEDIA OF EDUCATION. Edited by Paul Monroe with the assistance of departmental editors, and more than one thousand individual contributors. Volumes III. and IV. New York: The Macmillan Co.

† An extended notice by the present reviewer of earlier volumes of the Cyclopedia appeared in THE DIAL of May 1, 1911.

tion; Industrial Education; Infant Education; Jewish Education; the Psychology of Language; Education for Law; the educational systems of a number of American states; Children's Literature; Manual Training; Memory; Methods of Teaching Modern Languages; Moral Education; School Museums; Music in Education; and Play and Playgrounds. Besides these there are many other important articles on educational institutions, and the men who have contributed to the development of educational theory and practice.

In the treatment of most of the topics, an excellent method has been followed. The history of the subject is first briefly presented, and then the best contemporary views are set forth. The present reviewer has been especially pleased with the fairness that has been observed in the presentation of debatable views and theories,—as for instance, the status of Greek and Latin in the schools, and the proper method of teaching these subjects. The distinguished professors who have prepared these articles have not permitted their special interests unduly to influence their judgment regarding the relative value of these studies in modern education, and the efficiency of various methods of teaching them advocated by different people to-day. It is apparent throughout the volumes that careful editorial supervision has secured a fair-minded and judicial attitude in the discussion of subjects which are in the process of being clarified through experimentation and critical examination. The "Cyclopedia" will be found of genuine service to students of education, practical teachers, and laymen who wish to become informed regarding the best thought of to-day bearing upon the subjects considered.

M. V. O'SHEA.

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago Alfred Smith Barnes, at the age of twenty-one, founded at Hartford, Connecticut, the publishing house of A. S. Barnes & Co. (now the A. S. Barnes Company), which in 1840 removed to Philadelphia, and five years later to New York, where it still flourishes. A short history of the house—"Seventy-five Years of Book Publishing"—is now issued in pamphlet form, with portraits of the founder of the firm and others of its members, facsimiles of early title-pages bearing its imprint, and some account of the educational and other works it has published. It is a record of conscientious as well as able effort in the production and circulation of standard textbooks and, in later years, of a wider range of works. Since the acquisition, in 1906, of the educational publications of E. L. Kellogg & Co., the house has shown a tendency to return to the special field in which it first achieved success. Conservative plans are now under way for a considerable increase in the company's list of textbooks.

#### RECENT FICTION.\*

There is always a danger in the cultivation of the garrulous, intimate, discursive style. Its practitioner is apt to become so enamoured of his own cleverness that his conceits will grow ever more fantastical, and his irrelevancies ever more disconcerting. It is given to few to drape the mantle of Thackeray about them in graceful folds. Mr. De Morgan adopted this perilous practice to such effect that from "Joseph Vance" on his novels grew steadily less readable, and he ended in a veritable super-subtle futility. We notice symptoms of the same tendency in the novel that Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison has given us as a successor to the "Queed" of two years ago, and we regret it exceedingly. His manner has become irritatingly labored, and frequently one does not know what he is driving at until a page or a paragraph has been re-read and closely scrutinized. Not that "V. V.'s Eyes" is a bad novel, on the contrary, it is a very good one; only it is less good than "Queed," and this mainly because of the tendency of manner that we have above characterized. The scene is again (presumably) in Richmond, and again we have a study of a soul growing human before our eyes by the action of circumstance and environment. The story is complementary to "Queed" in that it deals with the expansion of a woman's soul instead of a man's, and also in that the evolutionary process leads it out of selfishness and frivolity rather than out of dryness and logical pedantry. The soul belongs to Carlisle Heth, who is brought up with the vain and empty ideals that prevail in that small fraction of a community that calls itself "society," and who is brought to realize that a girl may have a nobler ambition than reigning in that petty sphere, and winning the desirable *parti* that is the goal of a "society" girl's ambition. Now Carlisle, with all her frivolity and petty self-satisfaction, has the glimmerings of a conscience, and this is aroused into activity by two agencies—first, a lapse of conduct on her own part,

\* V. V.'s EYES. By Henry Sydnor Harrison. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

THE AMBITION OF MARK TRUITT. By Henry Russell Miller. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

THE QUARRY. By John A. Moroso. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

THE HILL OF VENUS. By Nathan Gallizier. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

THE STOENBERG AFFAIR. By Ralph A. Goodwin. New York: Sully & Kleinteich.

BRASS FACES. By Charles McEvoy. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

AN AFFAIR OF STATE. By J. C. Snaith. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

PATCHWORK COMEDY. By Humfrey Jordan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT BE KING. By Sidney Dark. New York: John Lane Co.

THE PARASITE. By Helen Reimsnyder Martin. New York: J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE DAUGHTER OF BRAHMA. By I. A. R. Wylie. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

and, second, the influence of V. V.'s eyes, which penetrate her soul-recesses much as Röntgen rays penetrate the opaque tissues of the body. Her lapse of conduct is merely an expression of her moral cowardice, and seems too slight a matter upon which to hang the plot of the novel, and all the serious consequences that ensue. She has had a summer flirtation with a dissipated youth, and one day, when he is too drunk to know what he is doing, he swims out to the boat in which Carlisle is taking a solitary sail, climbs aboard, and frightens her with the violence of his reproaches. Repulsed by her, he leaps overboard and swims back to shore. Meanwhile, a gust has upset the boat, and witnesses on the shore think that he knows of it, and has deliberately left the girl in danger to save himself. In consequence, he is ostracized, goes to Texas, gets drunker than ever, and finally commits suicide. Now Carlisle's dereliction is simply that she allows the story of the youth's assumed cowardice to spread when she might have corrected it, a not unnatural course of conduct for a selfish girl who dislikes being made the subject of gossip. The longer she lets the matter go, the more impossible it seems to say the words that would clear the boy's reputation, but when she learns of his death, she is self-convicted of guilt, and with her remorse comes a general spiritual awakening. Turning now to V. V., it becomes our function to say of him that he is a physician who works in the slums, and who gives the poor gratuitous service. He is the soul of goodness, and his optimism is such that he cannot believe that any human being can continue to do wrong after his eyes have once been opened. He even applies this doctrine to Carlisle's father, who employs underpaid labor in his unsanitary cheroot works, and, although denouncing him from time to time, still expects that he will one day experience a change of heart. Between him and Carlisle there are several sharp passages at arms, and she tries hard not to like him, but there is something in his eyes that she cannot resist, and she is won over, despite herself, to his ideas and philanthropies. He becomes her conscience, until her own has grown strong enough to assert itself, and his influence leads her to make what tardy reparation she can for the death of the boy in Texas, to discard the wealthy and aristocratic suitor for whom she has successfully angled, to bring about the needed changes in the cheroot works, and to offer herself as a worker in V. V.'s pet project of a social settlement. The author quite wantonly kills V. V. just when Carlisle has learned to love him, and the fact that he gave his life for his fellow-man is small consolation either for her or for the reader, who has never been led to suspect so tragic an outcome for the story. Some of the minor characters are quite delightful, especially the slum child Corinne, a "buncher" in the cheroot works, who wants to be a lady and know about "netiquette," and who worships V. V. as an incarnation of Providence. She is as appealingly pathetic as any figure in the gallery of Dickens, and is perhaps the

figure that will linger longest in our memory from the pages of this book.

The old moral that the objects for which most men strive with all their energies become, when achieved, dust and ashes in the mouth, is once more read for us in "The Ambition of Mark Truitt," by Mr. Henry Russell Miller. The hero, who leaves the country town which has reared him to plunge into the life of the great industrial city, is determined to carve out for himself a successful career, and sets somewhat ruthlessly about it. His aim is empery in the kingdom of steel, and he begins as a common laborer in the mills. With industry, he combines foresight and a capacity for leadership which soon make him a marked man, so we find him climbing rapidly up the hill of fortune. He works upon the devil-take-the-hindmost principle which spells success under the conditions of our competitive civilization, and becomes a wealthy captain of industry before the book is half written. The rest of the story tells us how he finally saves his soul, which has seemed irrecoverably lost. For one thing, he has married the wrong woman, a hard, conventional, material-minded creature, and has meanwhile learned to love the right one, an illegitimate Polish girl of humble connections, with an immense capacity for love and self-sacrifice. It seems to be a condition of his regeneration that he shall divorce his wife, and of our sympathy that we shall accept both this step, and the irregular relations that he establishes with Cazia, whose own previous life has not been inerrant. What really saves him, in conjunction with, or in despite of, these unfortunate things, is the dream of an industrial community, based upon coöperation and mutual helpfulness, which shall make meaningless the class struggle between employer and employed, and which, after surmounting many obstacles, he succeeds in making a reality. It is a matter-of-fact story, for the most part, but one that is shot through with gleams of the imaginative vision.

"The Quarry," by Mr. John A. Moroso, is the story of a country lad, a mechanic by trade, who goes to New York in search of work, falls into bad company, and becomes implicated (although entirely innocent) in a burglary which results in the murder of a night watchman. The boy is arrested, tried, and convicted on circumstantial evidence, the most damning fact being that his finger-prints are found on the instrument of the murder — one of his tools which the real criminals have stolen and used for their horrid purpose. Being friendless, he is railroaded to Sing Sing, and becomes No. 60,108 before he has gotten over being dazed by his ill fortune. He has for a cell-mate one Bill Hawkins, a burglar of parts with a big heart, who befriends him, and devises a plan for his escape. The plan works, and the boy swims across the Hudson, hides in the Hackensack marshes, and makes his way to the South, where, under an assumed name, he becomes a cotton-mill worker, and eventually a successful inventor and mill-owner. This takes many years,



and all the while Mike Kearney, a New York police sleuth, is on his trail, like a modern Javert. The fugitive hides his tracks so well that pursuit is baffled, but one slight clue is at last discovered, and the detective is hot after the quarry. When the fugitive is on the point of arrest, he deliberately mutilates his hands in the mill machinery, knowing that the Bertillon record of his finger-prints is the only certain hold that the law has upon him, and thereby destroys the evidence of his identity. In the end, his name is cleared by a death-bed confession of the real murderer. The story is simply and tensely told, without any attempt at ornament, and holds the interest throughout its entire course. As a sort of secondary hero, Bill Hawkins has a large share in that interest, and the ingenuity with which the detective stalks his quarry also wins our admiration.

"The Hill of Venus," by Mr. Nathan Gallizier, is an ultra-romantic historical narrative of Italy in the thirteenth century, of Guelph and Ghibelline, of church and state, and of the warring ambitions of petty princes. The hero is one Francesco Villani, who loves the fair Ilaria, and who, upon his father's death-bed plea, renounces the world for the monastery. But the call of the flesh proves too imperious, and in the end wrests him from his vows and unites him with the woman he loves. There is much stirring incident in this narrative, but it is so gummed up with rhetoric as to be difficult of vivid apprehension. What is intended to be fine writing is for the most part fustian, and even the interest of the story's historical setting does not save it from being tiresome.

We often wonder whether "Anthony Hope" would have published "The Prisoner of Zenda" had he foreseen the number and character of the tales that were to be its progeny. In regular procession, they have been issuing from the press every year since, reaching in "Graustark" their lowest possible depth, and occasionally rising comparably near the level of their prototype. Mr. Ralph Goodwin, in "The Stoenberg Affair," has done rather better than most of these imitators, and he really makes the old puppets seem almost alive, with blood rather than sawdust in their veins. The adventurer does not get the princess, because she is pre-empted, but he does her valiant service, and the lady-in-waiting—a very charming person—becomes his consolation prize.

A breezy story, told in plain journalistic fashion, with much invention and little artifice, is offered by the "Brass Faces" of Mr. Charles McEvoy. A girl who has run away from school to meet a wooer whom she expects to marry, finds him somewhat less than fancy has painted, and regrets her escapade. He has got her into London lodgings, where she finds herself a prisoner. She writes a note appealing for aid and it comes into the hands of a nocturnal passer-by. Now this young man has for some time been leading a dual life, albeit a blameless one, and in his assumed character occupies a secluded cottage in the country. He rescues the girl, hides her in

the cottage, and straightway falls in love with her. All England rings with the mystery of the alleged abduction, and a shrewd young American detective woman is put in charge of the case. She soon spots the young man, shadows him, discovers the whereabouts of the cottage, and forces its occupants to take a hasty flight. The pursuit grows highly exciting, when the young man, discovering the girl's long-lost father, obtains his consent to a marriage. When the facts come out, the first aspirant, the scion of a noble house, becomes alarmed at the prospective scandal, and declares honorable intentions. Whereupon the girl says that that was all she wanted, and capitulates, leaving her rescuer with the poor consolation of knowing that he has been the means of this unforeseen union. The young man, thus basely deserted, then discovers that the American detective woman is the real object of his affections, and there the story ends. It is not particularly refined comedy, but it has originality of plot and freshness of interest, which are as much as we have any right to expect.

The versatile Mr. Snaith has again contrived a new style for his latest novel, "An Affair of State." This is a work which takes us into the thick of contemporary English politics, imagining a crisis which might easily become a fact of English history at almost any time. James Draper is the chief figure in a government which strikingly resembles the unholy coalition that has now been undermining the Constitution for several years, and is at present pursuing with unabated, if somewhat chastened, zeal its monstrous designs. At the opening of the story, a measure is pending which, if it become law, will commit the country irrevocably to the tyranny of the hosts of labor. It is all to be done in the name of democracy, but Draper has become skeptical of the cause which he has hitherto championed. "There is something right here," he said, clasping his forehead, "that seems to tell me that the time has come when we who love England must start to back the engine." His confidant is Lady Rockingham, whose husband is a pillar of the old order. The conference steels Draper to a great resolution, and a few days later he rises in the House, and makes a speech of such eloquence and destructive criticism against the Conciliation bill that he is given a majority in the division that follows, and the government is forced out of office. Then follows a time of distraction, of pulling and hauling, of desperate efforts to form a new government, and of threatened shipwreck because there is no strong hand at the helm. In spite of the extremists of his own party, who regard him as a renegade, and of the tory leaders, who regard him as the arch-enemy of their order, Draper is so clearly the strongest man in England that there is a deep-seated conviction that he is the one man to restore order out of the disorder which his act has created. There are many conferences, and cabals, and projects, in which the leaders of the opposing factions take part, and in which the King is an influential figure. Draper's enemies nearly accomplish his undoing by starting a scandal about his friendly

relations with Lady Rockingham, and the social aspect of the matter is still further complicated by the defection of his wife, who has engaged in an intrigue with Lord Rockingham. The final plea of the Crown is that the latter shall form a government in which Draper shall also serve. Things come to a crisis in a country house conference, where a very tense situation is created by Draper, who not only refuses to serve under Rockingham, but deliberately affronts him, and challenges him to a duel. A way is found out of the *impasse* by Rockingham, who yields to the importunities of his terrified colleagues by failing to meet Draper at the appointed hour, and announcing his withdrawal from political life. Under the circumstances, he has nothing left to do but to take his own life, whereby the country is saved from imminent peril, and a new ministry is formed under Draper's leadership. It would be unfair to seek to identify too closely the leading figures in this story. There is something, but not much, of Mr. Lloyd George in the character of Draper, and more of Mr. Balfour in the character of Evan Manleverer. As characterizations, both these figures, as well as several others, are masterly creations, and the whole story is told with a compression and an intensity which make it a very remarkable work. Everything counts, dialogue, correspondence, description, by-play; there is no surplage, no extraneous matter not absolutely essential to the development of the action. Mr. Snaith has brought no finer artistic power to bear upon the finest of his previous performances, and this is no small thing to say of the author, for example, of "William Jordan, Junior."

To say that a novel is the work of Mr. Humfrey Jordan is to commend it in high terms to all who have read "The Joyous Wayfarer." The title of his new book is "Patchwork Comedy," and its theme is the protection of a woman's good name from the assaults of a blackmailer, and the final discomfiture of the villain. The woman is the mother of Charles Carfew, the hero, and has long been dead when the story opens. Knowledge of a youthful indiscretion on her part comes into the possession of a slimy adventurer of Continental ill-repute, who uses it as a means of successfully bleeding the family for many years. When Charles comes to his inheritance, he is not disposed to be submissive, and makes it his purpose to hunt down the blackmailer and bring him to justice. How this is done, with the aid of Morton, a young sculptor, and of Margery Gillanby, freed from a brute of a husband after several years of married misery, is told in a story which combines an exciting and complicated plot with a quiet reminiscent manner of narration. Both the men love Margery, and Carfew is the one who wins her. The scene shifts from England to France and Switzerland, and back again. It is distinctly a pleasant story to read, because it has the finished style and the wide outlook of an accomplished man of letters, which qualities in no way detract from its vivid portraiture and dramatic effectiveness.

In the story of "The Man Who Would Not Be King," Mr. Sidney Dark expounds, with much force and pungent humor, a philosophy of somewhat exaggerated individualism. The story is so entirely made the embodiment of a thesis that it becomes a rather lifeless performance, and its interest lies far less in its action than in its shrewd running commentary upon the organization of society. The best part of it, in fact, is the "prefatory note" which makes no pretence of fictive disguise, and in which the author hits straight from the shoulder, making vehement onslaught on the aims and methods of the hypocritical philistinism which is advocated in the name of social welfare. The most important thing for a man to do is to live as nearly untrammelled an existence as possible, and this proposition implies as a corollary that he shall not try to shape the lives of other people according to his notions. This is a much-needed gospel, and Mr. Dark preaches it so convincingly and so delightfully that we make no apology for quoting at considerable length from his preface. "For years," he says, "I have been impressed by the disgusting tyranny, ever growing more grinding, exercised by politicians, philanthropists, social reformers, and other virtuous persons, over the lives of the great mass of everyday men and women who are bored by politics (except at elections), have no desire whatever to be reformed, and merely desire to live and love and have a good time. We (for I am one of them) are being threatened by experts, by scientists, by sociologists, by all manner of interfering people—mostly well-to-do, and nearly all without enough blood in their veins to sin or enough soul to repent—who yearn to make us sober, healthy, industrious, efficient, virtuous—and inhuman." This theory of life he calls Webbism, for "Mr. Sidney Webb is the type of these enemies of the people," and "all the moralists, all the parsons of evangelical faith, most of the politicians, all the Labour Members, and all the old women are Webbists." Crushed and subdued by them are "all the common natural men in all the public-house bars in the country (a mighty and a pleasant multitude), all the mystics, all the children, all the tramps, all the lovers, quite a number of respectable citizens—and I think Mr. Robert Blatchford." We who are natural men have our own ideas about the value of "getting on." We drop the bone for the shadow—but we find the shadow delightful. We pursue the will-o'-the-wisp and think it good hunting. We blunder and sin, and sorrow and rejoice, and repent, and blunder again. The obstinate determination of the average man to be a man is a rock of offence to the social reformer. Against that determination he wages ceaseless war with eugenics (the filthiest and most bestial doctrine ever propounded), with minority reports, with teetotal legislation, with tracts and pamphlets and wearisome talk." Mr. Dark's philosophy of life is expressed in the following vigorous terms: "The blood flows fast in the veins of the common man. He must now and then shout and dance, bonnet a

policeman, fall in love with his neighbor's wife, write a poem, or chuck his money into the river. The curse of our time is that man, since he has discovered wireless telegraphy and made an aeroplane, is convinced that he is wiser than God. We are to be born not in the splendid haphazard of reckless passion, but after careful medical selection, like racehorses on a stud farm. Confusion is the rule and the glory of nature. The stars have been thrown higgledy-piggledy into the heavens. The whole scheme of things is magnificently rollicking disorder. But man is to live by rule and according to science. Laws are passed without the slightest consideration of the needs of the natural man. The Webbiest is dissatisfied with man as God has made him and is eager to create a man in his own image, just as the modern painter is dissatisfied with God's world and has made a world of his own." It would be easy for the cold-blooded logical analyst to pick holes in this plea for untrammelled individuality, but with so much of it as is outraged by the manifold petty restrictions that society imposes on freedom of action in matters essentially personal, we are heartily in sympathy. The most pestiferous persons on earth are those who make it their life endeavor to interfere with us for our own good, regulating our food and drink and amusements and little personal habits in the name of such high-sounding abstractions as temperance and education and efficiency and eugenics and morality. Wherever a legislature or a board or a commission exists they infest its membership and pervert its legitimate function. "Dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" We trow not, if man have any manhood left. As a commentary upon these principles, Mr. Dark's novel is not altogether successful. His hero, who has led a joyous and care-free existence, suddenly finds himself at the head of the Peptonized Soup industry, which has been carried on by his family for generations, and which has created the model community of Slavingtonville, in which men live in material comfort and spiritual starvation under the puritanical rule of the company. He stirs things up a good deal, but his effort to bring freedom into the life of the community results in a demoralization that he has not anticipated. After a year of management, he chucks the whole thing, having made a mess of it, and returns to his former mode of existence, which cannot, however, be as irresponsible as before, because he takes with him the pretty office stenographer for a wife. "God bless us, every one," is his cry at the close, adding "It is rather a splendid wish, and it would come true, too, if we would only let Him."

Reading the opening chapters of Mrs. Helen Reimensnyder Martin's "The Parasite," we find it difficult to escape from the impression that we are occupied with a novel by Mr. John Reed Scott, for the theme is not the manners and customs of the Pennsylvania Germans, but those of frivolous society in Baltimore, and this theme is Mr. Scott's special province. The story deals with a man of middle

age, divorced from his wife (wherein he has not been guiltless), and left with the charge of their small son, whom he idolizes, and of whom she plots to gain possession. Randall is wealthy, besides being a man of parts, and carries on a flirtation with a society belle, who is making a dead set at him. Then he surprises everybody by a sudden marriage with "the parasite," who is a young woman of good family in reduced circumstances, and a hanger-on in the homes of her prosperous relatives and friends. She is thought to be a designing creature, because she has attached to herself the affection of Randall's child, but this seems to have been done without an interested motive. At all events, it so touches Randall that he offers to annex her to his household, to become his wife in name only, but not in communion of spirit. The proposition is made in a cold-blooded way, and accepted without effusion of sentiment. It is obvious that these two are destined to discover love after marriage, an outcome which is precipitated by an amazing plea made by the wife not long after their union, which gives Randall *furieusement à penser*, and makes the reader gasp for breath. Bluntly, it is that she be allowed to become a mother by other means than those the law has sanctioned, and that he both condone the lapse and father the child. This, as Artemus Ward would have said, is "tu mutch," and, as Randall rejects it, he recognizes the dawning of love for his wife in his own breast. From this happening on, the way is smooth, and the happy ending speedily follows.

Miss I. A. R. Wylie, whose knowledge of Indian life, and whose skill in its portrayal in fictive form, are comparable with those of Mrs. Steel, has for the second time given us a powerful novel of life in the chief of England's dependencies. It presents the contrast between eastern and western modes of thought as exemplified by typical figures of the ruling and the subject races. Miss Wylie understands them both, and helps us to understand them in "The Daughter of Brahma," a narrative of original plot and absorbing interest. The heroine is a Brahman girl, consecrated from childhood to the worship of Siva, and trained by the priests to become the Joan of Arc of a native uprising against the oppressor. The hero is the posthumous child of an English officer, slain in Kolruna by a native fanatic, and brought up there by his widowed mother. The mother is a woman of Spartan character who hates her son because she cannot discern in him the heroic traits of character which are the tradition of his line. She believes him a coward, and the subsequent revelation of his moral courage comes too late to save him from a life embittered by the knowledge that his mother despises him. He gets sight of the ceremonies attendant upon the worship of Sarasvati, the Brahman priestess, and penetrates into the mystery of the secret temple in which the rites take place. He becomes enamoured of the girl, who willingly flees with him, and then, to the horror of his family and friends, makes her his wife. He takes her to England, having unexpectedly succeeded to the



family title and estates, and seeks to enter public life. But the fact that his wife is a black woman is a terrible handicap to him, and his love slackens when he realizes the gulf between them, and especially when he discovers that his feeling for an English girl, the comrade of his youth in Kolruna, has grown into something more than friendship. Meanwhile Brahman emissaries have come to England, having tracked the lost Sarasvati, and so work upon her racial and religious feelings that she consents to flee with them, and resume the interrupted rôle of inspirer and deliverer of her people. The scene again shifts to Kolruna, and the situation becomes very tense, as the mutiny is imminent, and the garrison in extreme peril of massacre. The climax is reached when the husband makes his way to his wife and the sight of him deters her from pronouncing the words in which she has been trained, and which will unleash the powers of hell in the threatened residency. Sarasvati is slain by a baffled fanatic, and the situation is saved. What will become of the hero when time shall have healed the scars of the tragedy is left to be surmised.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

#### BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Three years  
in the Arctic.*

It is not too much to say that no other record of Arctic exploration in recent years excels in compelling human interest Mr. Ejnar Mikkelsen's simple and manly story of the attempt to recover the lost journals of the Danmarks expedition,—"Lost in the Arctic: Being the Story of the 'Alabama' Expedition, 1909-1912" (Doran). The Danmarks expedition had started out in the summer of 1906, under the leadership of Mylius Erichsen, "with the object of exploring the as yet unexplored part of the northeast coast of Greenland, from Cape Bismarck to Cape Bridgeman, covering over six degrees of latitude. . . . Two years later, in August of 1908, a message from the Danmarks Expedition was flashed around the world: 'Object attained, coast surveyed, the outline of Greenland now known throughout its extent, important scientific results obtained in various fields,' but the leader, Mylius Erichsen, with Lieut. Hoeg Hagen, and the Eskimo Bronlund, perished after a heroic struggle against the difficulties of the country." Captain Mikkelsen adds: "The result of the expedition, a piece of surveying work, the difficulty of which few perhaps can better appreciate than I myself, was in part attained by the death of these three men." None of the diaries or observation books were found, and for the sake of the three brave men who had given their lives in a last desperate effort to preserve the results of their exploration, as well as because of the scientific value of the records themselves, the present expedition was undertaken. The hardships, the suffering, the continual struggle against almost insurmountable ob-

stacles, and the indomitable courage that had marked the journey of Erichsen, of which we already know the story, were equally present in the long sledge expedition of Mikkelsen into the far north. The latter and his companions fortunately survived; though as one reads his narrative, graphic in its unstudied manner, and convincing in its modest recital of heroic achievement, one wonders how human endurance could possibly survive such an ordeal. The story reveals the plucky little band of explorers struggling on day after day and week after week, fighting their way through terrific arctic blizzards, creeping by way of frail snow bridges across fathomless crevasses, struggling up the sides of icy mountains, crawling painfully over the rugged sea-ice; and then, as the season advances, wading doggedly day after day through deep, soft snow, slush, and water, risking their lives repeatedly amid the grinding turmoil of the ice-pack, because they must at all costs get forward; taking hunger and cold cheerfully as part of the ordinary routine of the day's work, and facing manfully the most trying ordeal of waiting day after day in camp for the ice to set and open a road, while their small stock of provisions rapidly dwindles; hunting from early morning till dark and finding nothing; reaching at last a cache of provisions, to find it rifled and empty; losing their dogs from starvation and exhaustion, and feeding them to the others, and in the end to themselves; finally, haunted by starvation and scurvy, and with the last remnants of their strength about gone, dragging their unwilling feet the last few miles to the main camp, Danmarks Havn, only to discover their ship crushed in the ice, their companions gone, and themselves condemned to another winter in the Arctic, when they had been dreaming of home and all that home implied. This is the story that Mikkelsen tells. It is one worth the telling, and one not easily forgotten.

*An artist's  
communings  
with nature.*

Edward Martin Taber, artist, nature-lover, poet, was born on Staten Island in 1863, and died at Washington, Connecticut, in 1896. Exiled from New York for his health in 1887, after a European tour and other excursions in quest of bodily strength, he took up his abode at Stowe, in northern Vermont, and there remained until within a few months of his death. His notes and self-communings, made there and elsewhere, with selections from his letters and verses, and sketches from his ready pencil, are now brought together and published in a handsome octavo under the title, "Stowe Notes, Letters and Verses" (Houghton). Like that earlier naturalist, poet, and recluse, Thoreau, Taber shows in his writings the most intimate and loving intercourse with nature. Here is one of this artist-naturalist's winter notes: "This day is perfect winter, clear as a bell, whelmed and softened in sunlight, with an icy-flowing north wind, to which the pines sing, though bare boughs are silent. The trees on the mountains are completely snow-covered—with the sun upon them,

even the evergreens show no trace or hint of green. Hogback is a frosted cake, a coral reef—its spots of shadow deep purple-blue." In the following the writer, like all persons of imagination, reads his own fancies into the things about him: "As I passed through a sugar-wood in the still and quiet afternoon, the maples had a knowing air as of half-tamed creatures conscious of a power unshared by the wilder spirits of their kind—the wondering beeches, birches, ashes, and elms—and seemed aware of the friendly office they perform, and to acquiesce, as well they may, since accident in the blood of them insures a certain protection, if not care." Fine feeling and quick sympathies show in the work of both pen and pencil in this volume. A short biographical and appreciative preface is supplied by "F. T. H." and Mr. Abbott H. Thayer also contributes a brief introduction. In conclusion, and as an illustration of the exiled invalid's undaunted spirit, we cannot forbear giving the last eight lines of his poem, "Winter's Answer to Misgivings." In response to the question, "Why struggle still against despair? How long resist the creeping gloom?" he replies in ringing tones:

"As long as crowns that hilltop bare  
The pine against the azure sky,  
And gives its music to the air,  
And waves its tasselled boughs on high;  
As long as shall the chickadee  
Flit, lisp sweet, from tree to tree;  
As long as on this slope's displayed  
The sumach's dauntless red cockade."

*Essays in  
humanistic  
philosophy.*

Since the death of William James, the leaders of the pragmatic movement have been Professor John Dewey in America and Dr. F. C. S. Schiller in England. The Englishman has that happy sense of humor and of human values which characterized James, and which causes his books to attract a large lay public. His volume of philosophical essays entitled "Humanism" (Macmillan) is now issued in a second edition, brought up to date by the inclusion of four new essays, two of which deal with topics which have become common since the original publication of the essays. The first of these new essays is entitled "Solipsism." The reader who disregards the forbidding harshness of that label and plunges into the essay will read it in its entirety for its philosophical good sense, no less than for its humor. The theory that life is nothing but experience, and that you—whoever, gentle reader, you may be—are the sole experienter,—such is Solipsism. Absurd as this definition may sound to common-sense, it is the logical outcome of the premises of several popular and imposing systems of philosophy. How and why this is, Dr. Schiller shows in detail. His most surprising showing, however, is that Solipsism of some degree is implied in the newest and most objective of philosophies—the New Realism, in its several varieties. Of course Dr. Schiller is far from implying that the New Realism intends to be solipsistic; but he shows how its

rejection of ideas as mediating between man and the outer world, and its insistence that man sees reality directly, leaves it quite unable to explain the different versions people give of what they see and their different reactions thereto, or to explain the relation between knowledge and opinion, except on the hypothesis that the particular realist in point regarded himself as the one final court of appeal and his fellows as other than real. Of course Solipsism, whether considered in itself or as an outcome of Realism, is not to be taken very seriously; but this making a bogey out of it for the new realist is a most effective way of drawing attention to his weaknesses. Another of the new essays called forth by recent tendencies of importance is that entitled "Infallibility and Toleration"; it takes the recent Catholic encyclical against Modernism as the text for a discussion of some of the logical consequences involving intolerance as a duty which flow from absolutism and rationalism as systems of philosophy. While some of these essays are couched in more technical language than is found in the more popular books of William James, Dr. Schiller is often more coherent and suggestive than James in his positive contributions to one's stock of working conceptions of the universe in its spiritual aspects, and so his latest volume may confidently be recommended to the lay reader.

*A ten days'  
tramp on an  
old English  
highway.*

What one likes best about Mr. Edward Thomas's book for pedestrians, "The Icknield Way" (Dutton), is its admirable restraint, its freedom from "gush," its scholar's preference for the under-statement to the over-statement. In his assertion that "stumping along on a shoeful of blisters is not bad when you are out of Royston and have Pen Hills upon your left; low, insignificant, restful stretches upon your right; and Odsey before you in the cool of evening," there is no painting of the pleasures of walking in rainbow hues that will cause subsequent disappointment to the reader. And when he says that "we walk for a thousand reasons, because we are tired of sitting, because we cannot rest, to get away from towns or to get into them, or because we cannot afford to ride; and for permanent use the last is perhaps the best, as it is the oldest," he does not claim for himself any sublimated passion for pedestrianism, such as it is given to but few to experience. His chronicle of a ten days' tramp on the Icknield Way, from Thetford to Wanborough, is a sober unpretentious narrative, but full of reality, of human nature, and of that other and larger nature of which mankind is but a part. Of the Icknield Way itself we learn that "it is the name of two apparently distinct roads: one with a Roman look running north and south through Worcestershire and Warwickshire, the other winding with the chalk hills through Suffolk, Cambridgeshire, Hertfordshire, Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Oxfordshire, Berkshire, and Wiltshire." It is with the second road that the book has to do. The origin of the name "Icknield"

is lost in obscurity, though several derivations are suggested by ancient authorities, whom the author duly cites. He also, with a sort of humorous exaggeration of the extent to which he has taken his readers into the musty atmosphere of these old chroniclers, says of his own narrative that it "was to have been a country book, but I see that it has turned out to be another of those books made out of books founded on other books." On the contrary, it is preeminently, after the introductory historical matter is past, a book about the country and its varied attractions; and its charms are heightened by the numerous illustrations, in color and in pen and ink, contributed by Mr. A. L. Collins. A map and an index complete the work.

*The resources and possibilities of Labrador.*

Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell's "Labrador: The Country and the People" (reviewed in THE DIAL, Dec. 16, 1909) is now issued in a revised and enlarged edition (Macmillan). A new and timely chapter is added on Conservation and Exploration, the object being to illustrate the present and prospective resources of the country as a storehouse and game sanctuary, and the importance of conservation of these resources, not only to the country itself, but in the interests of the ever-increasing population of the North American continent. Dr. Grenfell emphasizes the ideal situation of Labrador as an immense natural game reserve, but sounds a note of warning as to the urgent need of protection. He shows that the inhabitants of the region, Whites, Eskimo, and Indian, are almost absolutely dependant upon animal food, and that the sources of their supply, such as codfish, capelin, seal, herring, walrus, whale, are rapidly diminishing, and in some cases (for instance, herring and walrus) have practically disappeared. The same thing applies to the land animals, caribou, duck, goose, grouse, and curlew. The record is disheartening, and would be more so but that Dr. Grenfell shows clearly that it is not yet too late to replenish the land and neighboring waters by protecting their inhabitants. He goes even further. The experiment of introducing reindeer has been notably successful, and promises not only to supply the needs of the people of Labrador, but to afford an ever-increasing surplus of meat for export to outside markets. Dr. Grenfell discusses briefly the possibilities of fur-farming, pulp-wood, and the utilization of Labrador's unrivalled water-powers. "In short," he hopefully concludes, "everything seems to point to the fact that Labrador will come to her own in the not very distant future." A much-needed bibliography, and some remarks about the habits of the land mammals of the country, are also added to this edition.

*The story of the Rothschild millions.*

The story of the accumulation of the "greatest aggregate fortune . . . that the world has ever seen or is likely to see" is a marvellously interesting one, and Mr. Ignatius Balla has told it well in "The Romance of the Rothschilds" (Putnam). Starting with the

small beginnings of the humble Frankfort bank-clerk, Maier Amschel, surnamed "Rothschild" (Red Shield) apparently from the painted sign that hung over his door in Jew Street, the volume traces the work of each prominent member of the family, down to the present head of each branch, Lord Nathan in London, Robert Philip, James, and Maurice in Paris, and Baron Ludwig in Vienna,—the original bank in Frankfort and the one in Naples having been discontinued. It is clear from the story that the great secret of the family's unprecedented success lies in the fact that they have always worked together, almost invariably marrying among themselves, and always consulting with one another before taking any important step. If the dozen ablest financiers in the world to-day could be brought into such perfect harmony and sympathy that each would reckon the advantage of the others quite as much worth seeking as his own, the combine would literally rule the world; and this was substantially the state of affairs with this international organization of brothers, cousins, uncles, and nephews, fifty years ago. The quality in the group that strikes the reader of this book most forcibly is their absolute integrity. So far from ever misrepresenting, they never even attempted to withdraw from a bad bargain. The Bank of England was uncertain compared to their own,—the former institution, in fact, would have gone under in 1825 without their assistance; and there was as much truth as sarcasm in Borne's qualification of a difficulty between the family and the Austrian government as a disagreement between two world-powers. The great nations have gained in stability and independence until the Rothschild fortunes are relatively unimportant to-day; so that the family's rise from obscurity to the maximum of influence was the work of one short century.

*Adventure and misadventure in many lands.*

Many young Englishmen, first and last, have left their native island and sought the Canadian far-west and other parts of the world in the spirit of adventure or the hope of gain, but few if any have chronicled their experiences more entertainingly than Mr. Ralph Stock in his "Confessions of a Tenderfoot" (Holt), which professes to be "the true and unvarnished account of his world wanderings," and is enlivened with many views caught by the wanderer's camera on the way. Cow-punching, ranching, cattle-tending on a cattle steamer, beating his way westward again on freight trains, life in a British Columbian lumber camp, glimpses of the Sandwich and the Fiji Islands, fruit-farming at a loss in Queensland, and finally a successful venture in the purchase of a pineapple plantation in the same quarter of the globe—all this and much else may be found set forth in brisk and often admirably picturesque and idiomatic form in Mr. Stock's book. An unusually severe winter, the worst in twenty-five years, encountered by him just after he had secured a "bunch" of cattle and started ranching on his own account, leads



him to the following conclusion: "I have learnt many things by travel; among others, that stock-raising in any country is a game of chance; that the Canadian prairie is neither better nor worse than her sister colonies—Australia with her droughts and South Africa with her rinderpest—and that life the world over is a see-saw, and one cannot always be at the upper end." The seeming composure with which the author remains at or near the lower end until just before the close of his tale is not the least of the factors contributing to the excellence of the book. His story was well worth putting into book form.

*Social forces in modern literature.*

So completely is modern literature the expression of social forces, that it cannot be understood without a knowledge, at least in its broad outlines, of the intellectual history of Europe during the last hundred and fifty years. To give some idea of the relation between these forces and literature is the purpose of Professor Philo M. Buck's "Social Forces in Modern Literature" (Ginn), though of course it does not pretend to do more than "draw into a focus what else is fragmentary and scattered." For a treatise of this extent the literature is almost inevitably limited to France, England, and Germany; the topics are represented by such as the intellectual and emotional revolutions in France as in Montesquieu and Rousseau, the intellectual revolution in Germany as in Lessing, the beginnings of romanticism in England as in Wordsworth, and the empire of beauty as in Shelley. The treatment of romanticism and that to which it was in large measure a reaction, classicism, is perhaps the least satisfactory in the book. Our indispensable eighteenth century is given scant courtesy, and the reaction is treated in a rather summary way. Shelley is not viewed as the ineffectual angel beating in the void his luminous wings in vain, but as the leader of a force that had beauty as its ideal and that in an age devoted to science and business held aloft that ideal till it became a part of the idealism of the later century.

*Addresses of an American ambassador.*

Few of our fellow-citizens speak to us with more certainty of being heard than the Hon. Oscar S. Straus, and the gathering into book form of his various addresses and lectures, twenty-two in number, under the suitable title of "The American Spirit" (Century Co.), will be welcomed by those who have at heart the best expression of our national hopes and fears, problems and ideals. The most various occasions brought these addresses forth, and they deal with seemingly unrelated topics, fused into harmony by a steady and uncompromising patriotism. The collection begins, appropriately, with George Washington, and closes with the response to a toast at a dinner given by non-Catholics to the archbishop of New York after his being made cardinal,—though there are two brief tributes to American statesmen to end the volume. The topics treated range from sociology to manufacturing, from the consular service to the cause

of international peace, from an address to his fellow-Jews to a lecture at the American War College. Every word shows the intensity of the speaker's moral convictions, his love for civil and religious liberty, and his devotion to republican institutions. Best of all, they show him in touch with every movement in our common country which he believes will make for its spiritual integrity, no less than its physical betterment and intellectual progress.

*Our Japanese neighbors.*

The first of a new series dealing with "Our Neighbors" comes from the pen of Dr. Joseph King Goodrich and describes "Our Neighbors, the Japanese" (F. G. Browne & Co.). Other volumes are announced treating of the Chinese and the Filipinos. Professor Goodrich has had a long acquaintance with our brown brothers who are now so prominent in our thought, and he is able to write of them in neighborly fashion. In an entertaining manner he talks of the country and the people, the lords and the commoners, the Ainu and the "Earth Spiders," and he weaves stories from mythical lore into the narrative along with incidents from his own experience. It is a very human volume. This is evident in the interest shown in the life of the farmer and fisherman, as well as in the good neighborly custom of criticizing the neighbor. And from cover to cover the book is full of interest. In appearance the volume is most attractive,—of handy size, clear type, with almost a score of excellent illustrations, a select bibliography, and an index. Surely it will cause many a reader to plan a trip to the Land of the Rising Sun, or at least to dip into some of the more extensive studies of these interesting neighbors of ours across the Western sea.

#### NOTES.

Mr. Alexander Irvine, author of "From the Bottom Up," has written a record of his mother and his Irish childhood, which the Century Co. will publish in August under the title, "My Lady of the Chimney Corner."

"The Wallet of Time" is the title chosen by Mr. William Winter for his two volumes of reminiscences of the American theatre from 1791 to 1912. Messrs. Moffat, Yard & Co. will publish the work in September.

An interesting record of first-hand sociological experiences among the unemployed, by Mr. E. A. Brown of Denver, will be published in the autumn by Browne & Howell Co. in a volume entitled "Broke: The Man Without the Dime."

The collected edition of Francis Thompson's works recently announced in this column will be published in America by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. There are to be three volumes in all, embodying much material hitherto unpublished.

In response to a very general demand, the late Dr. Lester F. Ward had brought together for preservation in book form all his writings of smaller compass which, as first printed, were scattered through more than a hundred periodicals and other publications. The papers represent the labors of more than half a century, and in

their original form were, with hardly an exception, no longer accessible to the general public. These papers are to be published by Messrs. Putnam in several volumes, under the general title, "Glimpses of the Cosmos." The first three volumes will appear this month.

The publication is announced by Messrs. Ginn & Co. of a volume of "Anniversary Papers," by colleagues and pupils of Professor George Lyman Kittredge, in honor of the completion of his twenty-fifth year of teaching in Harvard University.

It would seem as if Walt Whitman offered little if any scope to the illustrator. Yet we note that a selection from the "Leaves of Grass," with twenty-four illustrations in color by Miss Margaret Cook, is soon to be published by Messrs. Dutton.

An authorized edition of the complete works of Arthur Schnitzler is announced by Mr. Richard G. Badger. The edition will contain upwards of twenty volumes. Three are already in press for immediate publication, and the others will follow in rapid succession.

Miss L. M. Montgomery, author of "Anne of Green Gables," writes her publishers that work on her new story, "The Golden Road," is "progressing merrily," and that undoubtedly the manuscript will be completed in time for publication early in August.

Mr. Edwin Björkman's volume of essays, "Voices of To-morrow," to be published by Mr. Mitchell Kennerley, deals in great part with Strindberg, the authorized edition of whose plays was translated by Mr. Björkman. Other "voices" are Björnstjerne Björnson, Selma Lagerlöf, Francis Grierson, Maeterlinck, Bergson, George Gissing, Joseph Conrad, Robert Herrick, and Edith Wharton.

"National Supremacy: Treaty Power versus State Power," by Mr. Edward S. Corwin of the Department of Politics at Princeton, is a book of timely interest which Messrs. Holt expect to issue early this month. It will furnish a thorough study of the question of the competence of the national government in the business of making and enforcing treaties in relation to the reserved power of the States.

Thomas A. Janvier, the author, died on June 18 in New York City. He was born in Philadelphia in 1849, was educated there, and from 1870 to 1881 was chiefly engaged in editorial work for Philadelphia newspapers. In 1881, after a trip West, he came to New York to enter upon a literary career and went to live in the Washington Square neighborhood. A few years later he published the "Ivory Black Stories," tales of artist life, which were reprinted in book form in 1885 as "Color Studies." His travels in Mexico produced "The Mexican Guide" (1887 *et seq.*), "The Aztec Treasure House" (1890), and "Old New Spain" (1891). He and his wife lived for some time at Avignon, France, where they formed friendships with Mistral, the poet, and Felix Gras. As a result of his residence in France Janvier wrote "An Embassy to Provence" (1893), "Christmas Kalends of Provence" (1902), and "From the South of France" (1912). His book "In Old New York" (1894) was widely read. His other books are: "The Uncle of an Angel and Other Stories" (1891); "In the Sargasso Sea" (1898); "The Passing of Thomas and Other Stories" (1900); "In the Great Waters" (1901); "The Dutch Founding of New York" (1903); "Santa Fe's Partner" (1907); "Henry Hudson: His Aims and His Achievements" (1909); and "Legends of the City of Mexico" (1910).

## TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

July, 1913.

Americanisms and Briticisms. T. R. Lounsbury. *Harper*  
Amusing America's Millions. Dana Gatlin. *World's Work*  
Andrew, Mrs.: Ironmaster. Sarah Comstock. *World's Work*  
Art, Modern, International Exhibition of. W. D.

Maceoll. . . . . *Forum*  
Aviator, A Pioneer. Norman Douglas. *North American*  
Baedeker, The Literary—II. Arthur B. Maurice. *Bookman*  
Banking System, Canadian. Peter McArthur. . . *Forum*  
Boy, the Idle, Social Status of. G. K. Turner. . . *McClure*  
Bryan, An English View of. Sydney Brooks. *No. American*  
Butler, Josephine—II. Anna Garlin Spencer. . . *Forum*  
Church, The, and Religious Leadership. J. A. Fairley. *Forum*  
City Planning. Frederic C. Howe. . . . . *Harper*  
Civil War, Cost of the. C. A. Conant. . . . . *Century*  
Conservation. E. T. Allen. . . . . *World's Work*  
Constantinople. Robert Hichens. . . . . *Century*  
Cost of Living, Conquering the. H. W. Lanier. *World's Work*  
Dayton Flood, The. Jennie Parsons. . . . . *McClure*  
Defoe, Daniel. Edith Wyatt. . . . . *North American*  
Drama, Relation of, to Literature. D. C. Stuart. *No. Amer.*  
Eugenics and Militarism. V. L. Kellogg. . . . *Atlantic*  
Fourth, The Child and the. Mrs. I. L. Rice. . . *Forum*  
Freedom, The New—VII. Woodrow Wilson. *World's Work*  
Gambling and the Stock Exchange. Thomas W.

Lawson. . . . . *Everybody's*  
Garden Beasts, My. Lucy E. Keeler. . . . . *Atlantic*  
Germany: A Model or a Warning? Samuel P.

Orth. . . . . *World's Work*  
Gettysburg. Edgar Allen Forbes. . . . . *American*  
Gold and Prices. A. S. Bolles. . . . . *North American*  
Government, Experiments in—I. Elihu Root. *No. Amer.*  
Grand Canyon, The. Ellsworth and Emory Kolb. *American*  
Great Salt Lake, The. Louise R. Bascom. . . *Harper*  
Grab Street Problem, The—V. Algernon Tassin. *Bookman*  
Happiness, Philosophy of. Mrs. Havelock Ellis. *Forum*  
Health Exhibits. J. W. Harrington. . . . . *World's Work*  
Henry, O., Pictures of. Arthur W. Page. . . . *Bookman*  
Industry, Governmental Regulation of. J. Russell

Smith. . . . . *Everybody's*  
Inventors, Nine Patriotic. Franklin Fisher. *World's Work*  
Jaffa, A Pilgrim Boat for. Stephen Graham. . . *Harper*  
Japanese, The, on Our Farms. K. K. Kawakami. *Forum*  
Japanese-American Relations. Edwin Maxey. . *Forum*  
Jewelry Business, The Fifth Avenue. Arthur Howard. *McClure*  
Light, Cold. François Dussaud. . . . . *Harper*  
Living, Intensive. Cornelia A. P. Comer. . . *Atlantic*  
"Loeb Classical Library." Henry D. Sedgwick. *Atlantic*  
Luther, Early Pictures of. Preserved Smith. . *Scribner*  
Millet's Return to His Old Home. T. H. Bartlett. *Century*  
Mohammedan Holidays. H. G. Dwight. . . . *Scribner*  
Money Trust, Hunt for a. Ida M. Tarbell. . . *American*  
Montessori Movement, The. Ellen Y. Stevens. *McClure*  
Morgan, Mr., Personality of. Joseph B. Gilder. *Century*  
Morris, William, Works of. Edward Fuller. . *Bookman*  
Motherhood, Education for—I. Ellen Key. . . *Atlantic*  
Novelists, The Younger. Mrs. W. L. Courtney. *No. Amer.*  
Panama Canal—What It Will Accomplish.

E. R. Johnson. . . . . *Scribner*  
Panama Canal, Defense of. H. L. Stimson. . . *Scribner*  
Panama Canal in Construction. Earle Harrison. *Scribner*  
Panama-Pacific International Exposition of 1915.

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United States, Government of. A. W. Page . . . . . World's Work  
Wage-Earner, American, Hope of. W. J. Lauck . . . . . No Amer.  
War, Interlocking Directorates of. D. S.  
Jordan . . . . . World's Work

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 53 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

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Jane Austen: Her Life and Letters, a Family Record. By William Austen-Leigh and Richard Arthur Austen-Leigh. With photogravure portrait, 8vo, 437 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3. net.  
Ellen Key: Her Life and Her Work. By Louise Nyström-Hamilton; translated from the Swedish by Anna E. B. Fries, with introduction by Havellock Ellis. Illustrated, 12mo, 187 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 net.

#### HISTORY.

The Battle of Gettysburg: A Comprehensive Narrative. By Jesse Bowman Young. Illustrated, 8vo, 463 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$2. net.  
The Barrington-Bernard Correspondence and Illustrative Matter, 1760-1770. Edited by Edward Channing, Ph.D., and Archibald Cary Coolidge, Ph.D. 8vo, 306 pages. Harvard University Press.  
The Influence of Monarchs: Steps in a New Science of History. By Frederick A. Woods. 8vo, 422 pages. Macmillan Co. \$2. net.  
Histoire du Canada. By François-Xavier Garneau; edited, with introduction by M. Gabriel Hanotaux, by Hector Garneau. Volume I; with portrait, large 8vo, 610 pages. Paris: Félix Alcan. Paper.  
The Government of the Ottoman Empire in the Time of Suleiman the Magnificent. By Albert Howe Lybyer, Ph.D. 8vo, 349 pages. Harvard University Press.

#### FICTION.

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